

Leatherneck

JAN. 1960

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

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1960



JANUARY

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IN THIS *Leatherneck*

VOLUME XLIII. NUMBER 1

JANUARY, 1960

ARTICLES

The New Commandant	18
Field Research Lab	24
Made In Springfield	32
New Hebrides Revisited	48
The Mash Is Air	54
Toledo Reservists	60

POST OF THE CORPS

Yorktown	38
----------------	----

FICTION

The Jonah	44
-----------------	----

FEATURES

Sound Off	3
Mail Call	7
Corps Quiz	10
Behind The Lines	15
The Old Gunny Says	17
Corps Album	30
Leatherneck Laffs	42
From Our Readers	58
If I Were Commandant	64
Records Reviewed & Previewed	68
We—The Marines	70
Crazy Caption	73
Transfers	74
MCI Notes	79
Bulletin Board	80
In Reserve	82
Once A Marine	84
Gyrene Gyngles	87
Books Reviewed	88

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THIS MONTH'S COVER

Liberty hounds will find the holiday schedule a red-letter day, while other Marines will enjoy the salty cartoons of AGySgt Bob Fleischauer, heading each month. Any way you look at it, *Leatherneck's* 1960 calendar will be an aid to all.

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Edited by AMSgt Francis J. Kulluson

COAST GUARD BRANCH

Dear Sir:

In the September, 1959, issue of *Leatherneck*, your column answered a question about medical facilities for the Marine Corps. This answer read in part: "The Marine Corps is one of the four Armed Services (Army, Marine Corps, Navy, and Air Force) which, with the Coast Guard (when attached to the Naval Establishment in time of war) comprise the Armed Forces of the United States. . . ." This question is attributed to the *Marine Officer's Guide*, pages 72-74.

The United States Coast Guard is one of the FIVE Armed Forces of the United States. This is true whether the Coast Guard is under the direction of the Treasury Department (as it is now) or under the direction of the Naval Establishment (as in the case of war). This has been the case for several years.

It is not uncommon for individual civilians, and even military men, to think that the Coast Guard is not one of the Armed Forces. But it is inexcusable for a . . . publication, such as the *Leatherneck Magazine*, and especially the *Marine Officers Guide*, to print material such as contained in the above quotation. We Coast Guardsmen are members of the Armed Forces, and are proud to be so.

Lt(jg) Thomas C. Volkle, USCG
Coast Guard 95398 WPB
Fort Tilden, N.Y.

● *Coast Guard History-CG-213* states: "During the ensuing hostilities, Congress ordained in 1799 that 'Revenue Cutters shall, whenever the President of the United States so direct, cooperate with the Navy of the United States.' On August 4, 1949, Congress put it more strongly: 'The Coast Guard as established January 28, 1915, shall be a military service and a branch of the armed forces of the United States at all

times. The Coast Guard shall be a service in the Treasury Department, except when operating as a service in the Navy'."—Ed.

LEASING AN M-1 RIFLE

Dear Sir:

I am 19 years old and a six-month Reservist on active duty. I have been wondering if I could lease my M-1 Rifle. If so, could I keep it in my home and be able to fire it on any high powered rifle range?

Any information on leasing and shoot-

ing laws for semi-automatic weapons would be helpful.

Pvt Lawrence C. Malinak
Plt 339, "Q" Co., 3d Bn.
RTR, MCRDep

Parris Island, S. C.

● *There are no provisions for leasing an M-1 Rifle or other weapon from the Marine Corps after you are discharged. You can obtain information on how to purchase an M-1 by writing the National Rifle Association, 1600 Rhode Island Ave., N.W., Washington 6, D.C.*—Ed.

TURN PAGE



Leatherneck Magazine

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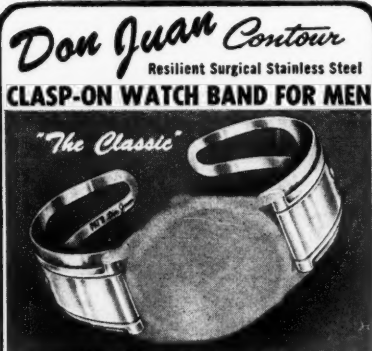


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SOUND OFF (cont.)

MEDAL FOR MIDSHIPMEN

Dear Sir:

I am writing to find out the eligibility of U. S. Naval Academy midshipmen being issued the National Defense Service Medal.

The Navy and Marine Corps Awards Manual states that to be eligible for the above medal you must have served on active duty between 27 June 1950 and 27 July 1954.

As an example, if a man entered the Academy on 28 June 1954 and was commissioned in the Marine Corps on 4 June 1958, would the time that he spent going to school at the Academy be counted as active duty?

Would the man be eligible for the National Defense Service Medal?

SSgt John W. Erly
"D" Btry, 1st MAAMBn
Force Troops, FMFPac
29 Palms, Calif.

● Decorations and Medals Branch, HQMC, said:

"Service as a midshipman in the Naval Academy is considered by the Chief of Naval Personnel as active duty for purposes of earning the National Defense Service Medal, during the period 27 June 1950 to July 1954."
—Ed.

GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL

Dear Sir:

There is a difference of opinion as to the method of arriving at a commencement date for the good conduct award

in most offices where I have worked. In the PRAM it states that when the date of commencement is not known due to broken time, the commanding officer will compute the total previous periods of active duty and when the total time reaches three years he will write to the Commandant of the Marine Corps (Code DL) requesting a constructive date of commencement.

From this paragraph in the PRAM (4017-3.-b) it appears that broken time does count for the good conduct award. However, in the Navy and Marine Corps Awards Manual (NAVPERS 15, 790 (Rev. 1953), it states that the three years must be continuous active duty. Could you try to clarify this for me as to which is correct?

ASSgt Donald G. Fichthorn
S-1 Section, Basic School
Marine Corps Schools

Quantico, Va.

● Decorations and Medals Branch, HQMC, had this to say:

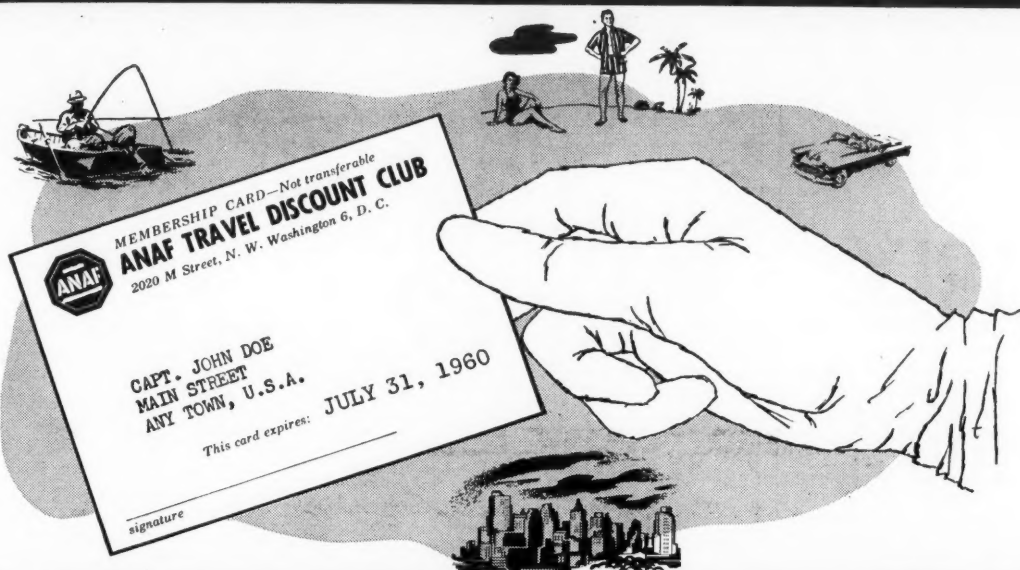
"Change No. 3 to NAVPERS 15, 790, dated 9 August 1947, provides that the Good Conduct Medal shall be awarded for three years of continuous active duty. Also if reenlisted within a period of 90 days from date of last discharge, it will not be construed as an interruption of continuous service but the period between discharge and reenlistment will not be counted. The time has to be made up. Or any three years of enlisted service consisting of a combination of periods of active service, broken or unbroken, in a war, national emergency or a period of armed hostilities, in which the United States is engaged, notwithstanding the time elapsing between tours of such service, pro-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)



"I want one volunteer . . . to go to the head of the chow line!"

Leatherneck Magazine



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AMERICAN
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WHICH ONE?

BY Gack
tippit



"... never particularly cared for seafood?"

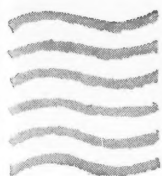


"... plans on selling his guitar?"



"... is bucking for PFC?"

Leatherneck Magazine



Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

To avoid errors, all names and addresses must be printed or typed.

Former Marine Sten D. Stokes, 503 West 58th St., Seattle 7, Wash., to hear from ASgt Dwight TREAT, with whom he served in the Base Band at Camp Pendleton, Calif., or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

John F. Demers, SA, USN, Division 1B, USS Intrepid (CVA-11), c/o FPO,

New York, N.Y., to hear from Glenn COGSHALL, or anyone knowing his present address.

* * *

PFC G. Lustrea, Marine Barracks, USNS, Adak, Alaska, to hear from Ronald WIENER, or anyone knowing his present address.

* * *

PFC John H. Cameron, HqBtry, 1st Bn., Tenth Marines, Second Marine Division, Camp Lejeune, N.C., to hear from Sgt Tom COSDEN, whose last known address was 1st Bn., Eighth Marines, and John F. MURPHY, or anyone knowing their present whereabouts.

* * *

Former Marine James L. Sanders, Box 252, Imperial, Texas, to hear from John L. LANCE, or anyone knowing his present whereabouts.

* * *

Jake Sitters, former hospital corpsman, 507 West 59th St., New York, N.Y., to hear from MSgt Jack HARTNETT, whose last known address was U.S. Naval Station, Navy #117, Trinidad, BWI, MB, New York, N.Y., or anyone knowing his present address.

Pvt Barbara Cesarz, W711207, WM Co. HqBn, MCB, Camp Lejeune, N.C., to hear from ACpl Albert J. SCHUSTER, whose last known address was H&S Co., SDT (Comm Sect) MCS, Quantico, Va., or anyone knowing his present whereabouts, or who served with him from May, 1956, to April, 1958.

* * *

Douglas H. Piebler, USMC, (Retd) Van Leech Farm Rd., Pittsburgh 6, Pa., to hear from John BARNETT, DI, whose last known address was Parris Island, S.C., or anyone knowing his present whereabouts.

* * *

Mrs. Marie E. Lawson, 504 E. Van Buren St., Centerville, Iowa, to hear from anyone who served with her late husband, Pvt Hollis W. Lawson, 980871, USMCR, from June, 1944, to December, 1945.

* * *

ASgt Bernard R. Melter, AFES, (Testing Section) 341 N. Milwaukee St., Milwaukee 2, Wis., to hear from Pvt Orion E. MELTER, whose last known address was RTB, MCRDep., San Diego, Calif., or anyone knowing his present whereabouts.

END

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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 4]

vided the individual is otherwise qualified."—Ed.

CORPS QUIZ

Dear Sir:

Question 2 of the October, 1959, Corps Quiz asked: "When an enlisted man leaves the ship to go on liberty, he first salutes the Officer of the Deck and says, _____." The correct answer

was indicated as (c) which read: "I request permission to leave the ship, sir."

It is my assumption that an enlisted man departing on liberty would be a member of the ship's company and would have secured permission to go ashore from his division officer. Therefore, he would approach the OD thusly: "I have permission to leave the ship, sir," as indicated by answer (a). This is so stated in the Bluejackets' Manual and Marine Corps Schools 1-17E.

Question 10 asked the identification of APA and AKA. The correct titles are Attack Transport and Attack Cargo Ship, not Transport, Attack; and Cargo Ship, Attack as listed by "correct" answer (b).

ASSgt James M. O'Rourke
I-I Staff, 105thInfCo., USMCR
NAVMCRTC, Capitol Park

Augusta, Maine

● MCS 1-17E Service Afloat states: "When an enlisted man leaves the ship to go on liberty he first salutes the Officer of the Deck and says, 'I request permission to leave the ship, sir'."

Page 77 of the Bluejackets' Manual further states: "All men must receive permission from the officer-of-the-deck before leaving the ship. When the man's name has been checked off on the liberty list, such permission is considered to have been granted. . . . When about to leave this ship, the man salutes the officer of the deck and reports, 'I request your permission to leave the ship, sir'."

The correct nomenclature for question 10 is still (b), but the titles of Attack Transport and Attack Cargo Ship are the result of common usage.—Ed.



RECRUITING DUTY

Dear Sir:

I have a question which I would like answered pertaining to assignment to recruiting duty. I would like to know the possibilities of being assigned to recruiting duty after completing a tour of I-I duty, without attending Recruiters School as required by MCO 1300.9B.

My primary duty is that of an administrative man and having an additional duty as recruiter, I am required

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"Didn't you hear me Private Hangfire? I said all leaves are canceled!"

Leatherneck Magazine

to keep up-to-date on both Regular and Reserve recruiting programs and directives. I believe that this should make me eligible to be assigned directly to recruiting duty.

In addition, I am aware that there is an order currently in effect which states in part. . . . "personnel desiring a second tour of independent type duty must complete a tour of duty in the FMF following a tour of independent duty in order to maintain proficiency in a Marine's MOS."

Would a Marine such as myself be required to fill a tour of duty in the FMF after completing a tour of independent duty before I can be reassigned to independent duty, even though I am working in my MOS?

ASgt Frank G. Mead, Jr.
I-I Staff, 6th AWBtry, USMCR
N. 5101 Assembly

Spokane, Wash.

● Head, Enlisted Detail Section, HQ-MC, replied:

"It is not the policy of Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, to assign Marines



primary duty in recruiter (Bravo) billets unless the applicant successfully completes Recruiter School at Marine Corps Recruit Depot, Parris Island, S. C.

"Policy applicable in this case concerning reassignment to independent type duty is contained in Marine Corps Bulletin 1300 of 23 April 1959. This Bulletin states in part: 'In order to maintain an individual's proficiency in his primary military occupational specialty within the operating commands, it has been the policy of this Headquarters not to reassign noncommissioned officers to a second tour of independent type duty until they had completed a minimum period of three years on other than independent type duty . . . It has been determined neces-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

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CORPS

Quiz

Prepared by AMSgt B. M. Rosoff

Throughout the 184-year history of the Marine Corps, several of its Commandants have achieved some notable "firsts" during their careers. How many of the below-listed "firsts" can you identify correctly?

1. Headquarters, Marine Corps, and the Commandant's office are housed in the Navy's Arlington Annex, Arlington, Va. The Commandant's House is located on the grounds of the Marine Barracks, Eighth and "I" Sts., Washington, D. C. The first Commandant to live there was:

- (a) Samuel Nicholas
- (b) William Ward Burrows
- (c) Franklin Wharton

2. Many of the Corps' Commandants have been highly decorated but General David M. Shoup, the Corps' 22d Commandant, is only the second to arrive in office wearing the Medal of Honor—earned during the bloody battle for Tarawa in World War II. The first Commandant to wear the Nation's highest award for military valor was:

- (a) John A. Lejeune
- (b) Alexander A. Vandegrift
- (c) Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr.

3. Several Commandants have died in office and a few have resigned from the service while serving in that post. The first

Commandant to retire from office was:

- (a) John Harris
- (b) Charles Heywood
- (c) Jacob Zeilin

4. The U.S. Marine Band, which is quartered at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., traditionally serenades the Commandant on New Year's morning. The first recipient of this pleasant custom was:

- (a) Archibald Henderson
- (b) Jacob Zeilin
- (c) Charles G. McCawley

5. The first Commandant to rise above the rank of lieutenant colonel was Archibald Henderson, who was breveted a brigadier general while serving in the Corps' highest office. The first Marine officer to reach the rank of four-star general was:

- (a) Thomas Holcomb
- (b) Alexander A. Vandegrift
- (c) Clifton B. Cates

6. Colonel Charles G. McCawley, while serving as Commandant in 1882, recommended that all new officers in the Marine Corps be appointed from graduates of the U. S. Naval Academy. This restriction was abandoned upon the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. The first Naval Academy graduate to be appointed Commandant was:

- (a) John A. Lejeune
- (b) George Barnett
- (c) John H. Russell, Jr.

7. Qualified enlisted men find many opportunities leading to commissioned officer status. The Commandant who first provided for appointment of non-commissioned officers to commissioned rank was:

- (a) Charles Heywood
- (b) John A. Lejeune
- (c) Thomas Holcomb

8. Although several Commandants have served the Nation in a civil capacity after having retired from military service, the first Commandant ordered to active duty from retirement was:

- (a) George Barnett
- (b) William P. Biddle
- (c) Thomas Holcomb

9. Two Commandants have reverted to a lower rank and remained on active duty after completing tours of duty as Commandant. General Clifton B. Cates reverted to lieutenant general and served as Commandant of the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va. The first Commandant to revert to a lower rank and lesser command was:

- (a) George F. Elliott
- (b) George Barnett
- (c) William P. Biddle

10. The first Commandant to hold four-star rank, while in office, was General A. A. Vandegrift. His predecessor, Thomas Holcomb, was the first Commandant to hold the rank of lieutenant general. Of the eight Major General Commandants, the first one was:

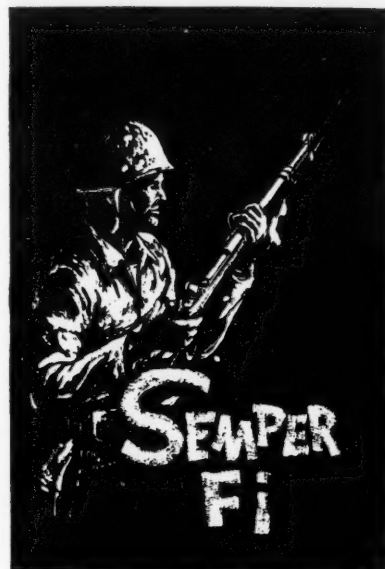
- (a) John A. Lejeune
- (b) Charles G. McCawley
- (c) Charles Heywood

See answers on page 16. Score 10 points for each correct answer; 10 to 30 Fair; 40 to 60 Good; 70 to 80 Excellent; 90 to 100 Outstanding.



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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 9]

sary to temporarily reduce the period of time since last serving on independ-

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ent type duty to a period of two years for noncommissioned officers requesting recruiting duty'."—Ed.

TRAILER ALLOWANCE

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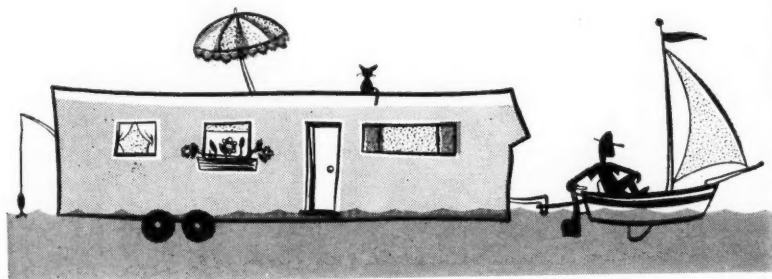
I have some questions which I think "Sound Off" would be the appropriate place to have them answered.

trailers permitted to be transported the same as household effects and automobiles?

Where may information concerning the transportation of house trailers be obtained?

ASgt H. G. Lanis
MARS-17, MWSG-17

First Marine Aircraft Wing, FMF
c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.



Upon transfer from one base to another, what is the trailer allowance in cents per mile and is this allowance considered sufficient to be hauled by other than the owner?

When transferred outside the continental limits of the United States where dependents are allowed, are

● Joint Travel Regulations, Chapter 10, contains the conditions governing the payment of trailer allowances.

Para 10004 AMOUNT PAYABLE, states as follows:

(Ch. 66)

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4085 PACIFIC HIGHWAY, SAN DIEGO 1, CALIF.

The Armed Services have submitted a bill before Congress, to increase the trailer allowance to \$0.32 per mile when hauled by a commercial transporter.—*Ed.*

Second Division Association, Wisconsin Chapter, will hold its reunion at the Schlitz Brewery in Milwaukee on February 19, 1960. For full details write to: Roger P. Scoville, 5509 Pheasant Hill Rd., Madison 4, Wis.

I have a question pertaining to proficiency pay. In what cases, if any, can

Take the case of a man who took



Fort Lee, Va.

"The GMST and Technical Test have no direct bearing on the selection of



I have read the article, "The Old Gunny Says" on physical development and training in the September, 1959, **TURN PAGE**



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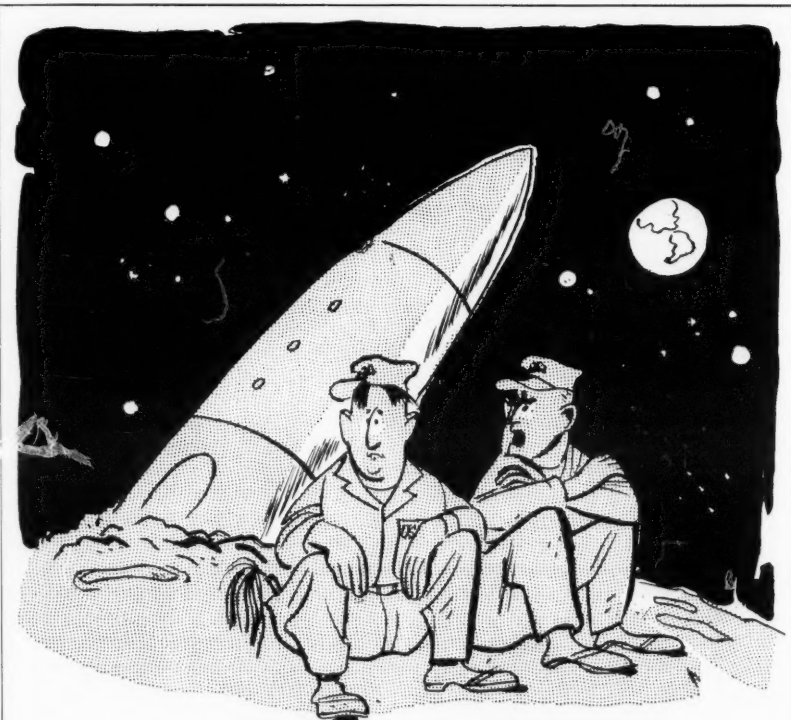
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"I told you, a million times I told you,
'Swab the deck and don't touch
a cotton-pickin' thing!'"

Leatherneck Magazine

SOUND OFF (cont.)

issue. I can truthfully and very sincerely say that I concur with your article wholeheartedly.

The only thing I could add to the article which would benefit every Marine is the time used for physical conditioning and body building. I believe that at least one-half a day (approximately four hours) twice a week would be far more beneficial, not only to the individual Marine, but to the Corps on the whole.

I must add, however, that I feel that all Marines, regardless of age, should be directed to condition themselves and maintain a prescribed state of physical fitness.

In order to assure that each man gets into condition and stays that way, records could be kept on each individual. Vital statistics such as height, weight, posture, bone structure, ailments i.e., trick wrist, knee, etc., and body measurements could be included on the chart.

This program would probably require a well-trained staff of physical cul-

turists and experienced body builders to insure that every man in the entire Marine Corps be offered the opportunity to get in shape and stay in shape.

The reason that your article attracted my attention is that I am a former

plus the use of high protein and wheat germ food supplements. My present age is 37, but most people guess my age at 27 to 29 years. I owe it all to keeping physically fit for the Corps I hope to join again in about 17 months.

I think the *Leatherneck* should go a



Marine, now in the Air Force, and am presently grooming myself for duty with the Marine Corps upon completion of my present Air Force enlistment. My grooming consists mainly of body building with bar bells and dumbbells,

bit further in the promotion and encouragement of all Marines to get in "rock hard" condition. May I suggest a physical conditioning section be included in your already informative magazine? Such articles accompanied

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)

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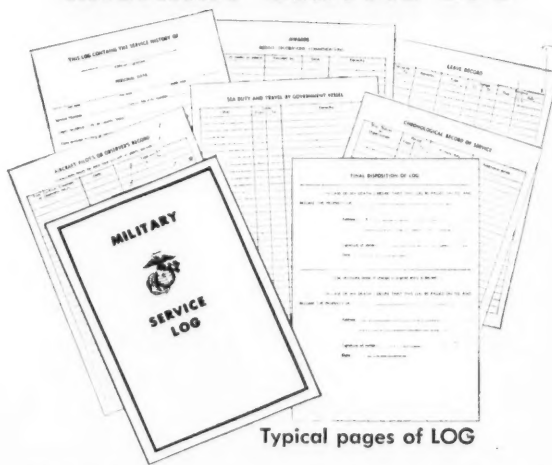
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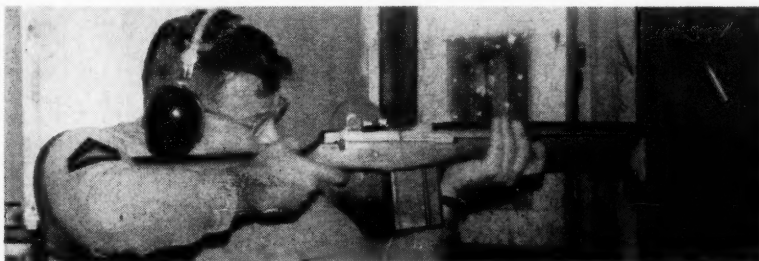
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Behind the Lines ...

WHEN we wanted to know how the new M-14 rifle and M-60 machine gun would feel to Marines, we decided to send our biggest writer, AMSgt Clay Barrow, and our smallest photographer, ASSgt Russ Savatt, up to Springfield Armory to find out. Both men are expert rifle-

position. I remember how SgtMaj Dan Daly and I laughed over that one. But now it turns out that Victor was just a generation or so ahead of his time."

The sergeants are not wearing spectacles and earmuffs in the pictures. Those are shatter-



AMSgt Barrow blasted 20 rounds with the selector on "automatic"

men so our conclusions after studying the photographs they brought back are: (1) the recoil from the new weapons will knock the average Marine back farther than it did the 6'2", 225-pound AMSgt Barrow, (2) but not as far back as it

proof glasses and sound-deadening headsets, which will not be standard issue with the new weapons.

"The acoustics in that room weren't all they could have been," said ASSgt Savatt. "It was like firing a .45 while crouched inside a G.I. can."

The first of the team's two-part series, "Made in Springfield," begins on page 32. The concluding article, dealing with the M-60 machine gun, will appear in next month's *Leatherneck*.

At the risk of overworking the good sergeant, we tore his M-14 rifle story from his typewriter the moment it was finished and sent him on a very special mission. "Interview the New Commandant," we said. "And don't spare the words."

The ubiquitous Sergeant Barrow complied and his biographical article on our 22d Commandant starts on page 18 of this issue.

Karl H. Simon
MANAGING EDITOR



ASSgt Savatt fired the M-60

knocked the 5'8", 165-pound ASSgt Savatt.

After firing the machine gun from the shoulder, AMSgt Barrow's comments were: "Years ago I saw Victor McLaglen protecting little Freddie Bartholomew from the hordes of Irrawaddy tribesmen by firing a machine gun from the offhand

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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 14]

with photos of well-built, rugged Marines could serve to spur others toward physical perfection.

SSgt J. R. McClaron, USAF
4600th Support Squadron
Box 465

Ent Air Force Base, Colo.

● We will give careful consideration to your fine suggestion and perhaps at some future date we will be able to include a regular physical conditioning feature.—Ed.

PEACETIME GI BILL

Dear Sir:

During the Korean War a bill was passed extending the educational benefits to all veterans. This particular bill expired.

Recently I have heard that a new bill pertaining to educational benefits

was being considered by Congress. I understand that this bill was to extend educational benefits to peacetime veterans.

I would like to know more about this bill. Any information you can give would be appreciated.

PFC Daniel O'Connor
VMF-313, MARTC
MAD, NAS, Floyd Bennett Field
Brooklyn 34, N.Y.

● Several bills were presented to Congress during the last session pertaining to educational benefits for peacetime veterans of the "cold war," but no legislation was passed. There is a good possibility that these proposals will be brought before Congress again in the next session.—Ed.

END

ANSWERS TO CORPS QUIZ ON PAGE 10.

1. (c) 2. (b) 3. (c) 4. (b) 5. (a)
6. (b) 7. (a) 8. (b) 9. (b) 10. (c)



"Plum pudding is SUPPOSED to burn!"

Leatherneck Magazine

the old gunny says...



"MEN, one of the first things a Marine will do when he enters combat and comes under enemy fire is attempt to lighten his individual combat load. A man under fire, and especially an infantry fighter, simply cannot do his job or survive on the battlefield if he is overburdened. As a result, we will see some men discarding items of individual clothing and equipment that are judged as too heavy or not necessary. Sometimes the wrong things are abandoned and as a result the individual becomes a needless casualty. Other well disciplined people will retain all their gear, and then wear themselves down lugging it around. They, too, become casualties of fatigue.

"When under enemy fire and in a fire fight the combat trooper must be able to run, jump, creep, crawl and climb—with all his *essential* fighting gear.

"To give you some idea of the problem; the next time you go through the local obstacle course, wear all your combat equipment including helmet, full canteen, belt load of ammo, weapon and combat pack with part of a ration. Make a couple of trips at double time. If you feel like a tiger when you have finished—you are in good shape and so is your combat load.

"In offensive operations, combat units must cut the individual's load

to the bare essentials. Even during the ship-to-shore phase this must be done for the assault units. Expecting men to land, move and fight with heavy packs—even in training exercises—is most unrealistic and is a very bad habit. Rather, the unit combat supply system should be so organized and trained that it can get the necessary extra ammunition, water, food and clothing to the front-line fighter when he needs it.

"In the attack the combat infantryman should carry his basic and team weapons, a load of ammunition, including a bandoleer for riflemen, entrenching tools, first aid pack, sometimes a gas mask, and one filled canteen. (Two canteens is an old habit we have continued since the WWII jungles and the heat of the Pusan campaign. Normally, one should be enough—with water discipline.). Fold and tie the poncho over the back of the belt.

"A decision to wear the light pack with some chow and additional clothing will have to be made by the commander, considering the weather and the supply system balanced against the risks of overburdening his troops. If the field jacket is being worn, some items such as a C-Ration can, spare socks and toothbrush may be carried in the pockets. But, in determining the relative importance of the individuals' loads, the priorities must be weapons

and ammunition, water and food.

"Also, in the offensive, the unit must insure that individuals are carrying sufficient numbers and varieties of hand grenades and extra belted ammunition for the gunners. Then, too, each company will want to have a few stretchers, anti-tank ammunition, perhaps some demolition charges—and they should have some long handled entrenching tools. All this must be carried by the fighting men in the company. You can also add an armored vest to each man's bent back. The fine new Mechanical Mule isn't going to relieve the fighting Marine of all this burden—because these are essential combat tools that have to be carried by the men who will use them.

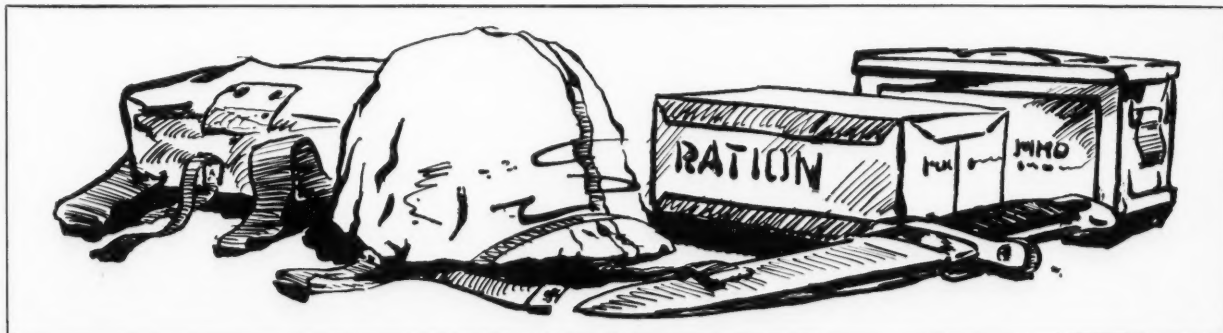
"The decision as to what the men should carry in battle usually rests with the company commander—but this actually should be worked out in battalion SOPs for Basic and Prescribed Loads—based upon the real facts of combat and experience factors. Then the loads should be employed in all field training in a realistic manner. To fail to work on this matter of individual logistics and combat mobility, is to fail to recognize one of the most pressing and ever-present problems of combat.

"When units fail to face up to this problem prior to actual combat, we see the old familiar sight of vast amounts of combat equipment, supplies and clothing strewn over the battlefield—discarded by poorly prepared troops. Even worse, we hear tales of units being clobbered because they were short of grenades when ambushed or had abandoned their bayonets.

"We all have to study and work on this problem. In these days of fast-moving operations, we cannot afford to waste supplies and equipment—or the energies of the fighting man. With the high speed and cost of combat we cannot misuse a bean, a bullet or a breath. Conservation of supplies and solving the combat load problem are primary responsibilities for all of us.

"All right men, 'Fall In.' Next period is going to be school on the transport pack."

END





THE NEWCO



by AMSSgt Clay Barrow



claim no one has ever been better

qualified than he to be Commandant

PRE-WORLD WAR II enlisted Marines once had a Walter Mitty dream they never discussed with, or around, officers. "Sea Lawyers" among their number had discovered a loophole in the law of the land which, according to their interpretation, meant that *anyone* could become Commandant of the Marine Corps. There was no reason, for instance, why the George Company runner or the PFC who filled the Lister Bags could not be selected by the President, provided he could get Congress to go along. Everybody had, at least, a fighting chance.

U.S. Code, Title 10, Sec. 5201, shot enlisted men down in 1956 by declaring that one of the qualifications was that the officer must not be below the grade of colonel.

A lot of very senior Staff NCOs quit touching up their hair, resumed eating fattening foods, and began talking to other enlisted men again when the word came out that they were no longer in the running.

One of *Leatherneck's* writer-photographer teams was, coincidentally, at Parris Island last August when word came down from the stratosphere that PI's Commanding General, David M. Shoup, had won this cruise's star-studded sweepstakes.

Many Drill Instructors at PI (who are notorious for taking themselves and their profession very seriously) actually smiled when they heard the news. Granted, they were shy, Mona Lisa-type smiles, but they were smiles nonetheless.

Any news that can get a grin out of a DI must be good news indeed for the rest of the Corps.

The Dis' secret is that they know something the rest of the Marine Corps will soon be discovering for itself. It's something the First Marine Division learned in 1957, the Second Marine Division found out in 1943, and the Third Marine Division discovered in 1958: David Monroe Shoup is quite a man!

His friends say he knows more about what's going on in the Marine Corps than any living man. No officer, they claim, not even General Cates, who commanded every unit from a platoon

TURN PAGE

Exactly 15 years ago this month, Col Shoup's wife fastened the Medal of Honor around his neck





2dLt Shoup was wearing the first Marine uniform he'd ever owned in this photograph taken in 1926

NEW COMMANDANT (cont.)

to a division under fire, has ever been more qualified to assume the office than the new Commandant.

Statements as sweeping as those could only be made by men who believe that General Shoup has the ability, experience, personality and vitality to become one of the outstanding Commandants in the Corps' history.

The impression is inescapable, after talking to General Shoup, that he intends to be, first and foremost, the boss Marine. The men he commands are rated among the world's finest fighting forces. But they are also high-hearted young men capable of rolling a bowling ball through a squad bay to liven things up or nailing a bunky's shoes to the deck just for chuckles.

These men lavish their latent father fixations on the man who is Commandant. But these young fellows don't think about him as an austere deity. In their mind he's the kind of dad from whom you wouldn't hesitate to ask to borrow the car.

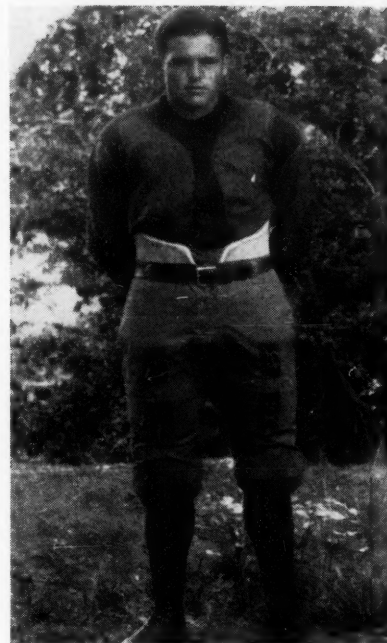
To write about him as anything but a very human human being would be doing a disservice to the man who is now Commandant—and to his Marines.

He, himself, said, in effect: "Write it any way you want as long as you are honest."

General David Monroe Shoup is, above all else, a Marine. He is a brave, dedicated, tough, intelligent, humble, honest, God-fearing Marine. But those words are just adjectives and they add little or nothing to the noun. To the hard core of professional Marines whose destiny is as inextricably entwined with the Corps as his is, no



The future Marine Commandant displayed the powerful physique he'd acquired through athletics



The football uniform has changed with the years, but Gen Shoup's look of quiet determination hasn't

words are more of a tribute than the simple phrase, "... a good Marine." He is that.

This portrait of General Shoup began with a blank piece of canvas. Never having served with him, nor known anyone who had, there were no preconceived notions. The first, broad charcoal strokes were applied after a two-hour-long conversation with the general. But the likeness, if there is any, came from men who have served with him, from his personal papers, and from his two telephone-book-thick officer qualification records.

Had this been for any other eyes besides Marines, his wife, Zola DeHaven Shoup, whom he married in 1931, after having known her for 14 years, and his grown son and daughter would have been consulted. But Marines, perverse creatures, aren't likely to be interested in knowing the general's hobbies, his favorite food, books, TV programs or sport.

The two most-asked questions about him seem to be: *What is his background beyond Tarawa and the Medal of Honor? What changes, if any, does he contemplate making?*

If Marines could shrug off "the bloodiest beach in history," and the nation's highest award for valor, and say "What else?" this promised to be rough.

The general's strong right arm, Colonel John D. Wiggins, graciously opened the first door by saying, "You'll

probably want to talk to Lieutenant General Julian C. Smith, who was General Shoup's Commanding General at Tarawa. He lives over in Alexandria."

On November 10th, a call was placed to LtGen Smith, who extended an invitation to come out to his home that evening.

Somewhere, below and to the north, in the glittering carpet of tiny colored lights that is the Virginia city of Alexandria at dusk, Marines and their ladies were taking last-minute, critical looks at themselves. In a few minutes they would be departing for one of the several Birthday Balls taking place throughout the area.

But high in his hilltop home, as the kindly, old warrior perched on the edge of his easy chair and talked quietly of the horror of Tarawa, the pomp of a Birthday Ball suddenly seemed little more than a commemoration of our Corps' birthdate.

The 13 years of his retirement have been kind to LtGen Smith, who looks at least a decade younger than his 74 years. Framed on the pine-paneled wall of his den are his 15 personal decorations, including the Navy Cross.

"When I arrived in New Zealand to take command," he said, "I found a division spread out in six camps. One, near Paekakariki, was 35 miles away. It seemed that every man, at one time or another, came down with malaria, the most common souvenir of Guadal-



During the early thirties, 1st Lt Shoup was part of the Legation Marine Guard in Peiping, China

BGen "Red Mike" Edson (L) and Col Shoup led a review held at Hawaii's Camp Tarawa



canal. Liberty in that wonderful land was, understandably, the paramount thing on the minds of the command."

He continued: "When Brigadier General Leo Hermle briefed me on my staff, he placed great emphasis on a lieutenant colonel out at McKay's Crossing Camp, who was my operations and training officer. General Hermle was extremely impressed with the diligence and ability of the officer. That is the first time I heard of LtCol Shoup."

Three months after he assumed command, Vice Admiral Raymond A. Spruance brought General Smith the word that the division would assault Tarawa.

"I had got to know LtCol Shoup well by this time and held him in very high regard," recalls the general. "As operations officer, it was LtCol Shoup who played the major role in planning the assault. He deserves full credit for the revolutionary use we made of LVTs there. Before that, they were used purely logistically. He initiated their tactical employment. He was, you know, awarded a Legion of Merit for his superb staff work prior to the operation."

When the CO of the Second Marine Regiment had to be relieved because of illness, practically on the eve of the battle, there was no doubt in LtGen Smith's mind who would replace him. LtCol Shoup was "spot" promoted to colonel. He was given command of Combat Team 2, which, as it turned out, meant assuming command of all



With Tarawa behind them, MajGen Julian C. Smith, Second Marine Division Commander, and Col Shoup relaxed momentarily in Hawaii

troops ashore during the crucial first 48 hours.

The story of Tarawa is history. Japanese Admiral Shibasaki had boasted that a million men could not take the island in a thousand years. The Second Marine Division lost nearly 1000 Marines—but they took the island

in less than 76 hours.

"My field glasses are hanging upstairs," said LtGen Smith. "I never look through them that I don't see those unbelievably brave Marines, their rifles held high, struggling through shoulder-deep water to get to the beach so they could return that murderous fire."

TURN PAGE

NEW COMMANDANT (cont.)

Ten years later, David Shoup would write, "With both God and the U.S. Navy in direct support, there was never any doubt in the minds of those ashore as to what the final outcome of the battle for Tarawa would be. There was, for some 76 hours, however, considerable haggling with the enemy over the exact price we were to pay!"

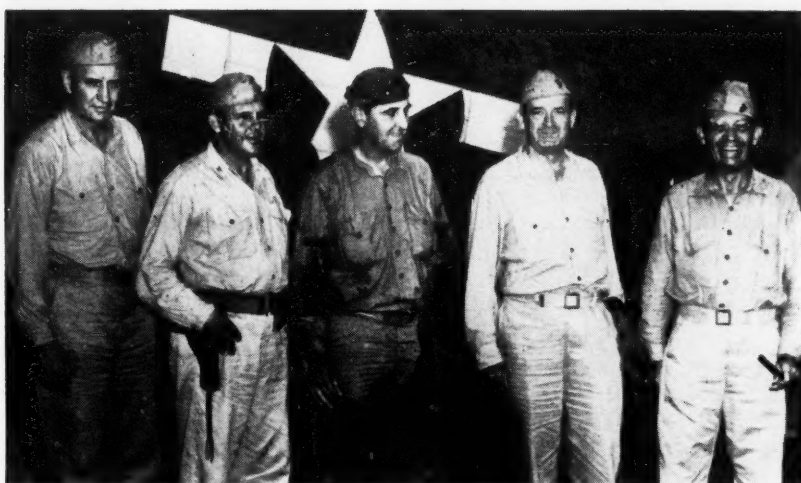
Perhaps an even more revealing anecdote is related by a lieutenant colonel who crawled to Col Shoup's shallow foxhole the first night ashore. He was greeted by the colonel with, "This is the damndest crap game I ever got into."

"I can't add any more," said LtGen Smith, "than the words I wrote when I recommended him for the Medal of Honor: '... to Colonel Shoup, more than any other individual in the Second Marine Division, is due the credit for the victory at Tarawa.'"

But the question is still, "What besides Tarawa?"

The 22d Commandant was born on a farm near Battleground, Ind., on December 30, 1904. He attended Ash Grove elementary school in Battleground; Covington H.S. in Covington, Ind.; and De Pauw University at Greencastle, Ind. He is one of four children. Two of his brothers are still living. His sister and parents are deceased.

He could not have gone to De Pauw had he not won a Rector's Scholarship. He waited on tables and washed dishes to earn his board. He also held a side job with a cement factory.



Cols E. Hall and D. M. Shoup, BGen G. C. Thomas, LtGen A. A. Vandegrift, and MajGen T. Watson met before the Saipan Operation

He was an all-around athlete. He established and, to his knowledge, still holds the Indiana-Kentucky AAU record for the marathon (26 miles, 380 yards) run. He was more than an hour faster than his nearest opponent.

He was elected to an exclusive honorary athletic fraternity. Eligibility for membership hinged on meeting certain standards in hurdling, broad jump, high jump, pole vault, hundred-yard run, two-mile run, shot put, baseball throw, swimming, tumbling and football punting together with a 10-mile walk. In the last event, the 10-mile walk, on a quarter-mile cinder track, he set a record, for that time, of one hour and

58 minutes.

He held the welterweight wrestling championship while in school. A newspaper clipping of that time states that a prominent light heavyweight wrestler "worked out" with him. Although the local muscleman outweighed him by 20 pounds, he decided to call it quits after trying vainly for 23 minutes to pin him. He asserted that Shoup was the strongest man he ever had hold of.

Despite his many extra-curricular activities, he was an "A" student and graduated "with high distinction."

When asked what made him consider a military career, he said, "Thirty cents a day! We all had to enroll in the ROTC as freshmen at the university. In our junior and senior years it was optional. I kept at it because that \$9.00 a month extra income looked mighty big to me. It's not fair to say



A member of his staff pointed out enemy emplacements to Col Shoup (holding map case) in his Tarawa CP on D-plus-two

At Saipan, as Chief of Staff of the Second Marine Division, Col Shoup plotted the destruction of Japanese forces there



that was the only reason. I enjoyed it. But that nine dollars paid my room rent."

It was while he was on four weeks active duty as a second lieutenant in the Army Reserve at Camp Knox, Ky., that he got the telegram that changed his life. He had written to Headquarters Marine Corps after a Delta Upsilon fraternity brother had heard a speech in New Orleans by the then Commandant, Major General John A. Lejeune, and passed the word that the Marines were in the market for young men with a yen to join the greatest military outfit in existence.

The telegram from HQMC "authorized" him to report to Chicago for a physical examination, "at our expense."

"I had to borrow the money to go," he recalls, "and I never would have gone if it hadn't been for that misprint."

He didn't find out about the misprint until long after he'd passed his physical and had been sworn into the Marine Corps by a lady named Lura L. Ward, who was a Notary Public for Fountain County, Ind.

When he got to Basic School in Philadelphia and submitted a claim for reimbursement, he was turned down because of a single missing letter. The telegram should have read, he was told, "at your expense."

"I never did get paid!" he says. "I wouldn't have gone if I'd known I had to pay. The following day I had been scheduled to take a calculus exam for a permanent commission in the Army and mathematics had been my major subject. Besides, I'd never laid eyes on a Marine in uniform until I got to Philadelphia."

It took Second Lieutenant (probationary for two years) Shoup from August 23, 1926, until July 20—two years later—to finish the five-month-long course at Basic School. It wasn't his fault, though. Twice the "exigencies of the service" required his presence as an end and/or halfback on football teams. First, he was sent to Portsmouth, N.H., to try out for the "big team," and, later, to Parris Island to bolster their football squad. "I've always told people PI was my first foreign duty station," he says with a twinkle. "It took a boat to get ashore."

Returning to Philadelphia in February, 1927, he was, a month later, sent on expeditionary duty with the Sixth Marines in Tientsin, China. He returned home the following year and, in February, 1928, started out from scratch at Basic School. When he had entered Basic School, they were ranked by age. He, being youngest, stood 17th in his class of 17. Two years later, after he had taken his probationary period exam, he moved up to the second spot.

Midway through Basic School, he received a letter from the Aviation Section of HQMC advising him that there were vacancies for pilots in the Corps. It said, "Your name has been favorably mentioned for this duty." Was he interested? You bet he was.

Following his graduation from Basic School, he applied for Aviation Duty. On October 8, 1928, he was designated a Student Naval Aviator and sent to Pensacola, Fla., to earn his wings.

2dLt Shoup completed about 200 hours of solo flying and was progressing toward completion of the course with high standing when he had what he terms, "a slight disagreement with my check pilot." The altercation ballooned out of proportion. Although 2dLt Shoup was offered the option of continuing the course, he refused with the request that he be permitted to return after the lapse of a year.

Because of the upsurge in applications for aviation duty, two years elapsed before he was advised that he was to be ordered back to Pensacola. By then, 1stLt Shoup was in command of a CCC Camp and, since he was then under the jurisdiction of the War Department, the orders were rescinded.

From Pensacola, he went to Sea School in San Diego and then aboard the *USS Maryland* for two years. Of his seagoing time, he says, "By that time I had acquired a pile of professional books about three feet high. There were movies aboard that ship and liberty. But I made up my mind that neither was for me until I'd read and digested every word in every one of those books."

His professional books absorbed, 2dLt Shoup completed the "Air Corps Basic Course" and a course in French through the mails. These set the pat-

tern for his later life. Whenever he got a new assignment, he attacked it as if his very life depended on it. He read everything he could get his hands on pertaining to it and, if there was a correspondence course available, he enrolled in it.

During the thirties, he served on the West Coast and had a period of temporary duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps in Idaho and, later, in New Jersey. He served with the Fourth Marines in Shanghai and at the American Legation in Peiping. And always, the pattern of work and study repeated itself.

He was beginning to be noticed not only by his superiors, but by others, to judge from the growing number of complimentary letters that began flowing into his command. Three of that period are worthy of special mention.

The first, from an Army officer who was his commander for a short while at the Idaho CCC Camp, implied that 1stLt Shoup was the finest Mess, Morale and Welfare officer he had ever run into. (This is the first example of what has been one of the general's lifelong guidelines: "No matter what the job, do it better than the man who gave it to you thought it could be done.")

The second letter came, in 1933, from *Time Magazine* to thank him for calling an error to their attention. *Time* admitted they erred in writing the words "sergeant majors," and promised, "... we will henceforth be correct, and say as you do, 'sergeants major.'"

The third letter was from the then CO of the schools at Quantico to 1stLt Shoup's CO. Apparently, 1stLt Shoup had submitted a paper on topographic sketching to the schools. The CO's letter read, in (continued on page 69)



On Tarawa's 16th anniversary, author Robert Sherrod (C) and Gen Shoup attended an officers' reunion at the home of LtGen Smith (L)



Field Research Lab

WHEN WORLD WAR I ended, equipment, problems and the study of military tactics were neatly packed away in the hope that another war would not come. However, during 1939 and 1940, when the Germans proved the effectiveness of the blitzkrieg, the United States began unpacking the equipment previously set aside, and brushing up on the study of tactics and problems.

In 1941 and 1942, when Uncle Sam realized he must enter World War II, a stark realism became a giant nightmare — unless immediate steps were taken the U.S. would be fighting a modern war with World War I equipment.

Overnight, it became necessary to make up for the many years of insufficient planning. The need for research of military problems became acute.

In an effort to probe these problems, the Navy's Medical Department responded with the construction of the Naval Medical Research Institute at Bethesda, Md., but, realizing that areas of Naval warfare demand the solution of peculiar problems, plans were formulated for the establishment of special laboratories for research in the fields of aviation, submarine and amphibious medicine.

As a result, the U.S. Naval Medical Field Research Laboratory was established at Camp Lejeune, N. C., in late 1943, by joint agreement between the Commandant of the Marine Corps and the Chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery. The NMFRL was to work with medical problems peculiar to amphibious warfare.

Camp Lejeune was selected as the logical site because it provided large bodies of troops who were being trained in amphibious warfare under simulated combat conditions. This was exceptionally beneficial because it provided research personnel with first-hand information at the field level.

During the next three years, NMFRL concerned itself with problems encoun-



When the Second Division made Camp Lejeune its home in 1946, the research lab moved to its present location

tered during Marine Corps operations in the Pacific, but with the end of the war in August, 1945, the scientific staff of the laboratory completed its studies, and, for the most part, returned to inactive duty. The laboratory, at this time, was nearly deactivated, but veteran medical personnel evaluated its activities in relation to field commands and won support for its continuation. Thus, plans were drawn up for operation on a permanent peacetime basis.

When the Second Marine Division made Camp Lejeune its home in 1946, the lab moved to its present location, and began a rehabilitation program of both facilities and staff. This transition was speedily completed and research was again under way.

During the changeover, NMFRL was not idle. Combat-experienced personnel at Camp Lejeune were organized under the name of the Naval Field Medical Material Board and it was their job to evaluate medical equipment and supplies used during World War II, to revise the system of supplying medical activities in the field, to reorganize basic medical equipment and supply units, and to develop or sponsor the development of new equipment items.

Since 1950, the laboratory has maintained a well-balanced program con-

sisting of basic and applied research, plus development and evaluation studies. All were designed to uncover and solve problems of a medical nature which might be encountered by Marines. In order to accomplish these projects the laboratory is supported by funds from the Marine Corps and the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery.

Since its inception, NMFRL has concerned itself with the problems of the individual Marine. He is observed by men who have been trained in various scientific fields. These fields include psychology, chemistry, biology, physics, microbiology, virology, physiology, engineering, entomology and pharmacology.

These studies are integrated into a comprehensive investigation of the physical and social environment in which the Marine exists, with particular emphasis being given to: (a) selecting him for specific military tasks, (b) overcoming his limitations and enhancing his capabilities, (c) protecting him from disease, (d) protecting him from injury, and (e) treating him when he is sick or injured.

Breaking down these categories into detailed fields, selection of a Marine for specific military tasks involves medical research through the employ-

ment of psychological methods. Several investigations have been directed toward the development of tests and methods for selecting Marine officer candidates. These methods and tests have included analysis of the content of autobiographies, personal references and social judgments and self-ratings. Other investigations in this field have been concerned with methods for grading at Platoon Commanders School, and the validation of selection tests by means of rating combat proficiency. One investigation involved the development of tests to predict success in learning the Japanese language.

Perhaps one of the most significant series of investigations conducted by the laboratory in the field of personnel selection dealt with the development of test methods for the selection of "safe" drivers, and the detection of "accident-prone" drivers. This work was supplemented with an analysis of automobile accidents involving military personnel.

Predominant factors responsible for automobile accidents involving military personnel were revealed, which led to the development of "The Safe-Driver Inventory," and the "Highway Situation Test." These tests can be used to select individuals who will make the best drivers. Considerable credit, from both

TURN PAGE

Emergency demands in medical research

led to the establishment of the NMFRLs

by ASSgt Thurlow D. Ellis

Photos by

AGySgt E. L. Jarrard





Maj C. Cole, Jr. inspected a special flash gun which is used to record high speed test photos

FIELD RESEARCH (cont.)

military and civilian sources, has been given the laboratory as a result of this program.

Of great practical interest to the Marine Corps is the development of techniques for overcoming a Marine's limitations and enhancing his combat capabilities. If the performance of each individual Marine could be bettered by only one percent, the net gain would be equivalent to increasing the strength of the Marine Corps by one reinforced battalion.

One of the more pertinent projects presently being undertaken is the establishment of a task group and facilities to study the performance of Marines under stress caused by heat, cold and humidity. The results of this investigation will provide a better understanding of the mechanisms by which heat and cold limit performance and, ultimately, the design of techniques, equipment, and clothing which will help increase the capabilities of the Marine when he is employed under adverse climatic conditions.

Lt S. H. Kramer, MSC, USN, made numerous burn tests with the Kymograph, a device used to record drug actions on tissue

Two phases of a preliminary study in this problem area have been accomplished. The first phase was a preliminary investigation to develop methods and techniques for measuring the effects of wearing various styles of body armor and load-carrying systems.

During the Summer of 1958, NMFRL studied the performances of 12 Marines wearing various equipment configurations in the field. Physiological measurements were made of subjects, both with and without body armor. The effects of the addition of a loaded experimental pack to the armor were also measured. These studies showed that for periods of simulated combat, the additional weight and coverage of the assault garment would not interfere with tactical performance. Concurrent psychological testing supported this finding by showing no decrease in psychomotor performance. However, this latter testing did show that a consistent preference developed on the part of the Marines for certain protective equipment. For example, the new NMFRL experimental integrated Body Armor/Load-Carrying System (BALC) was preferred over the present standard USMC upper and lower torso body armor combination.

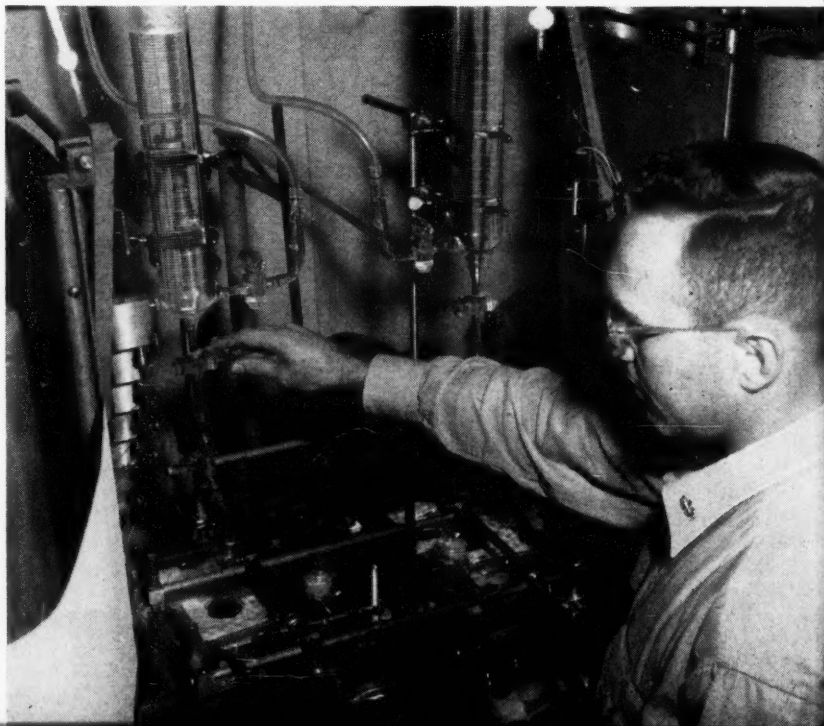
Results of this first work demonstrated that field studies, because of variability occurring from day-to-day in the weather and in obtaining the same energy output from all Marines, are not adequate for the determination of

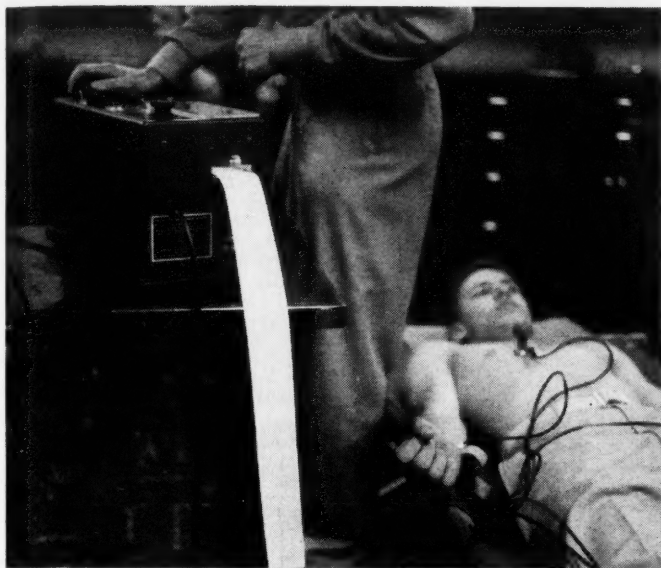
the effect of temperature and humidity on individual performance.

In view of this, the second phase, under controlled laboratory conditions, was initiated in February, 1959, at the Laboratory of Applied Physiology, University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill. In this experiment, the performance of six Marines, each carrying a total load of 54 pounds including BALC, rifle, helmet, food and water was compared to their performance without the additional weight and coverage of the BALC.

Tests were made in a climatic chamber with temperatures ranging from 80 to 95 degrees Fahrenheit and a relative humidity of 75 percent. Subjects were required to walk for 45 minutes on a motor-driven treadmill which had a five percent incline and was operated at the rate of 3.5 miles per hour, the average marching pace. During this period a constant record of the subject's body temperature and skin temperature was maintained by the attachment of electrodes to various parts of his body. At the same time heart rates were recorded every five minutes. In addition to this, samples of blood, urine and saliva were taken before and after each testing period. These measurements were used to evaluate the physiological effect of the intense heat, humidity and the addition of the BALC on these individuals.

Analysis of these results have demonstrated that although significant physiological effects took place as a result of





Tests were made, both before and after the Chapel Hill, N. C. heat stress maneuvers, to determine physical fitness



Physical endurance was measured by the employment of the Harvard Step-Up Test

the conditions to which these individuals were subjected, these changes were not of a magnitude to affect the combat efficiency of these Marines in the period during which these measurements were made.

At the present time the investigators responsible for this work are studying methods of enhancing the capability of Marines to work under extreme climatic conditions. One such method which was suggested as the result of the previous study is the role of physical fitness in not only increasing the individual's ability to work in areas of high temperature and humidity, but to learn whether increased physical fitness can shorten the time necessary for individuals to become acclimatized to extreme climatic conditions.

Another study currently being conducted at the New River Air Facility, N. C., is devoted to the aspects of decreased performance involving Marine helicopter pilots. Reason for initiating this project was the fact that many helicopter accidents have been primarily attributed to human error. Furthermore, it is widely recognized that flying a helicopter is markedly more fatiguing than flying conventional aircraft. This is due to the more constant demands on the pilot—increased noise and vibration, and the lack of many automatic devices.

This study is attempting to determine which temperamental or personality traits and factors are related to early signs of performance fall-off; how decreases in flying efficiency can be best measured during actual flying conditions; whether subjective feelings of

fatigue increase more or less rapidly than measures of decreased efficiency; whether subjective feelings of fatigue can be measured when measurable indications of decreased performance appear; and finally, at what level does declining performance become a threat to the safety of the flight.

Once these questions have been answered, pilots can rest assured that proper corrective action will be taken to alleviate the cause.

In the study of "Protection from Disease," the laboratory has found that virus diseases continue to be a major reason for loss of man hours in the military services. As knowledge has accumulated, more and more diseases have been associated with viruses, and much is being learned about effective prevention and treatment.

During recent years, a number of viral agents have been reported flourishing in the human intestinal tract. It has been suggested that these viruses may be responsible for a large proportion of the diarrhea cases not caused by bacterial or parasitic organisms.

Diarrhea has always been a major military problem, particularly when large numbers of personnel enter a new environment. The military effects vary, depending upon the numbers of men affected and the severity of the attack. At any rate, these attacks are responsible for a considerable loss of manpower in the Corps.

When a virologist was added to the staff of NMFRL, a study was initiated of the diarrheas prevalent among Marine personnel at Camp Lejeune. If this project proceeds as planned, it is

hoped to demonstrate a causal relationship between diarrhea and specific viruses. This, in turn, will present the opportunity of taking control measures which may reduce the incidence and severity of the disease.

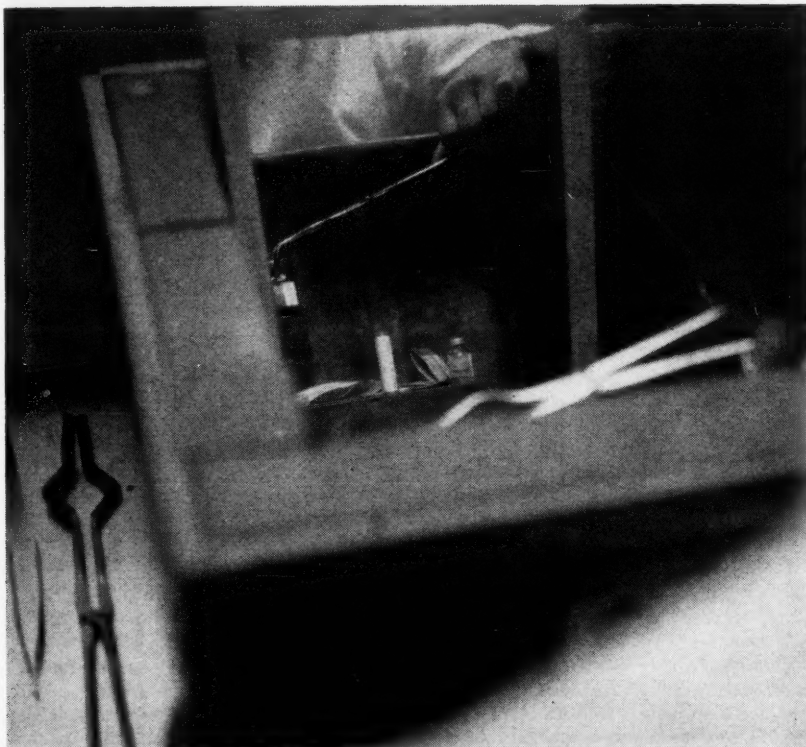
Another important aspect of keeping the Marine an effective fighter is in insuring his freedom from attacks by insects. Not only is insect annoyance a severe morale problem, but insects and related organisms are responsible for the transmission of many diseases.

Importance of this problem is well understood by military personnel. However, if any emphasis is needed, it should be remembered that in the campaign for Guadalcanal, malaria was responsible for at least eight times as many casualties as Japanese action.

During the past 15 years, NMFRL has undertaken many projects to provide more effective methods of controlling insects. Development-wise the most important achievement of the lab in this line has been the production of the HIDAL—a device for the dispersal of liquid insecticides from Marine helicopters. This device can be readily and quickly mounted on the medium-sized helicopter, and removed just as quickly—a feature not present in any other similar equipment.

Other studies are currently under way in the curtailment of the salt marsh mosquito, which breeds in abundance along all of the coastal areas. Although capable of transmitting Eastern Equine Encephalomyelitis, salt marsh mosquitoes are principally important because they seriously lower human efficiency and morale by their persistent

TURN PAGE



By using mirrors, long-nose tongs, and lead containers, it is possible for research lab personnel to work safely with radioactive materials



PFC R. A. Deyette, Isotope Lab chemist, standardized a Radiation Analyzer that measures two types of radioactive material at a time

FIELD RESEARCH (cont.)

attacks during training exercises and maneuvers.

Protection from injury resulting from natural factors is another problem. Under this category, some natural factors are; heat, cold, humidity, sunlight and terrain. While investigating means of preventing injuries from any of these sources, NMFRL has been engaged in studies to determine how to reduce the probability of frostbite and other injuries resulting from cold weather activity.

The laboratory participated with the Marine Corps Equipment Board in the testing and evaluation of the thermal "Mickey Mouse" boot. Need for better footwear was evident during the early days of the Korean conflict when almost all of the Marines were equipped with the conventional cold-weather footwear; for example, shoe packs, combat boots and cushion-sole socks.

Because of the activity, many Marines were unable, or unprepared, to take proper care of their feet. Accumulation of moisture in their socks and exposure to extreme cold under tense combat conditions led to frostbit, usually before the men were aware of their danger or injury.

The thermal boot, by virtue of its construction, tended to prevent this type of injury; first, because it possessed a vapor barrier which prevented the moisture around the men's feet from migrating toward the outer wall of the boots, thereby reducing the insulation value of the men's socks.

Second, because it contained layers of wool sealed within its double walls, the construction of the boot prevented the wool from becoming wet. Therefore, its insulation value did not deteriorate, regardless of the conditions under which it was used, unless the boot were torn or punctured. The boots proved their worth during the latter part of the Korean conflict, and it can be rightly said that this boot, which was the product of research, development and evaluation, had improved the overall performance of the Marine by reducing injuries to the feet caused by cold.

In addition to the boot, similar studies were conducted to find ways of maintaining the warmth of a Marine, in order that his response to combat situations could be kept at a high level, even in the coldest environment. These investigations, though of cursory nature, dealt with shelters, sleeping bags, gloves, helmets with cold-weather

liners, methods of reclaiming heat loss through respiration, and with shifts from normal diets to concentrated high-calorie diets.

In complete contrast, studies were conducted with heat. These included heat exhaustion, sunburn and dehydration, all of which lower performance. Efforts to reduce heat effects included testing and evaluation of sunglasses, temperature effects on different colored materials—used for shelters and clothing—and materials which may be applied to exposed skin surfaces.

Additional tests studied the means of reducing sunburn, the effectiveness of salt tablets, redesign of hot-weather boots and clothing, and initiation of educational programs for the Marines.

Tests were conducted on new equipment, the latest of which can be found in the December 1959, issue of *Leatherneck*, under "New Body Armor."

In protection from flash burns, NM-FRL has been concerned primarily with investigating means for reducing injurious effects. These tests have included development and evaluation of ointments, glasses, protective clothing, and other materials which may have the physical and chemical qualities necessary for blocking or reducing, by filtering, the harmful effects or portions of the radiation spectrum.

In the field of noise control, the laboratory has delved into the effectiveness of various types of ear plugs, and of different types of head protection which incorporate protection from both noise and fragments.

Miscellaneous studies have been prompted by the basic question, "How do we protect the Marine from injuries resulting from military activities?" This includes psychological studies of military drivers to determine personality components which may influence traffic accidents; studies of the causes of seasickness and the efficiency of various types of preventive measures; the problem of removing toxic gases from enclosed compartments of military vehicles such as tanks and submarines; problems of adapting men to the opening shock of parachutes; speculations into the types of protective mechanisms required for military operations when under threat of gas attack.

Captain George L. Calvy, MC, USN, Commanding Officer, NM-FRL, is the recipient of the Stitt Award for 1958, a highly coveted Military Medical Association award, for his clinical research in the field of antibiotics in combating staphylococcal pneumonia. The Stitt Award, second to be awarded a Naval medical officer, was presented to Capt Calvy at the 65th Military Medical Association convention in November, 1958.

END



Feeding, transfer, and care of cultures require many tedious hours of work in specially heated and lighted rooms maintained by the lab

Many diseases which puzzled medical men for years have been overcome by the research staff at the field lab



Capt G. Calvy, USN, described his Stitt Award to Maj C. Cole. He was the second Naval medical officer to win an award of this type

CORPS ALBUM

HERE ARE some more of the Old Corps photos which we will print as a regular feature. *Leatherneck* will pay \$15.00 for old photos of this type accepted for publication. Please include date, outfit, or any other available identification. Mail your Old Corps photos to CORPS ALBUM EDITOR, *Leatherneck Magazine*, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. All photos will be returned.



From time to time, readers have requested information about the Corps Album photos we have printed. The following list of names and addresses of this month's contributors will make it possible for readers to write directly to the owners of the pictures for identification or information not contained in the captions.

Stanley H. Estes
1203 Liffenwood Drive
Nashville, Tenn.

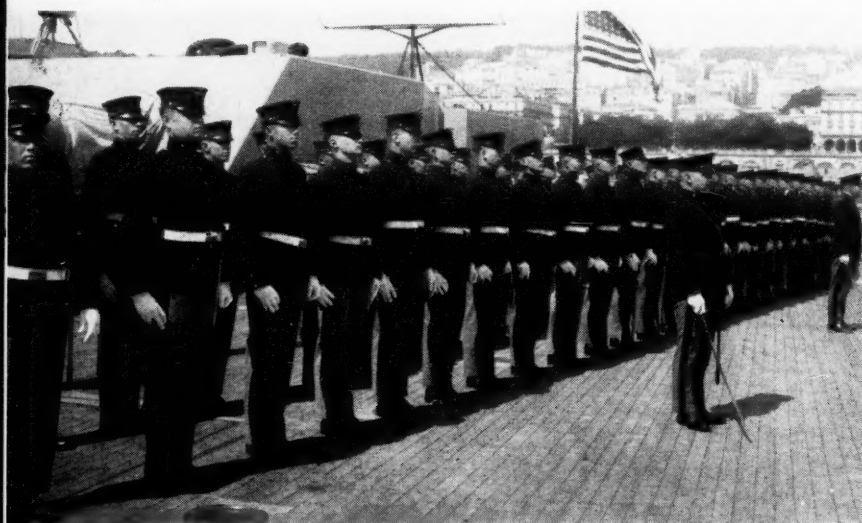
MSgt Alfred Dona, USMC (Ret'd)
515 N. Iowa Street
Fallbrook, Calif.

John W. Moore
2062 Sloan
St. Paul 17, Minn.

C. H. Swett, Jr.
335 Bunker Hill
Charlestown, Mass.

BGen R. L. Denig, USMC (Ret'd)
204 Starling Court
Birdneck Point
Virginia Beach, Va.

AMSgt H. B. Wells
Photographic Section
Marine Corps Base
Camp Pendleton, Calif.



Submitted by Stanley H. Estes

Members of the Marine Detachment aboard the *USS Utah*, docked in Algiers in 1922. Capt J. M. Arthur was the commanding officer



United States Marines aboard the flagship of the Asiatic Fleet, *USS Pittsburgh*, in 1929 and 1930,

Submitted by MSgt Alfred Dona, USMC (Ret'd)
formed one of the last Marine guard detachments serving on the Navy's few remaining coal burners



Submitted by John W. Moore
 Staff officers of the Sixth Marines, when the unit was stationed in Iceland, 1941. David Shoup, then a major, is seated second from left



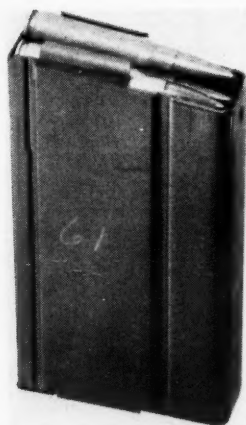
Submitted by BGen R. L. Denig, USMC (Ret'd)
 Colonel R. L. Denig, third from left, attended a conference at Espino, Honduras, 1930, with officers of the Honduran and Nicaraguan armies



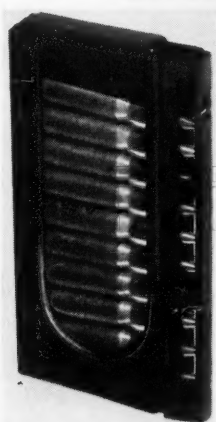
Submitted by C. H. Swett, Jr.
 The first raising of an American flag in the Philippines (1898) was later commemorated by Marines



Submitted by AMSgt H. B. Wells
 Marines underwent amphibious training at the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, in 1941. They wore greens, field scarfs and dress shoes



A new feature of the rifle permits magazine feeding from below



When the magazine is low, a clip can feed rounds in from above

MADE IN S

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A giant broaching machine made the basic cuts in the receiver forgings, which had been drop-forged

in the armory's Water Shops factory and brought to the Hill Shops for their final cutting operations

Practically every rifle Marines have ever carried, including the new M-14, has come from Springfield Armory, which has maintained small arms preeminence for nearly two centuries

SPRINGFIELD

MAJOR James W. Ripley, of the Army Ordnance Corps, did not come to Springfield Armory in Massachusetts in 1841 to win a popularity contest. As the 9th Superintendent, his instructions were to "correct the abuses" which were prevalent throughout the armory and to restore the once amicable relationship with the citizens of Springfield.

His sweeping internal reforms served only to antagonize the people of Springfield. In less than a month, three fires, two of undetermined origin, broke out in the shops. Worse, the townspeople

refused to help extinguish them.

A man of singular purpose, he built "a high and permanent fence" around the government property. Made from Revolutionary War and early 19th century cannon melted down and placed in picket form around Federal

Square, the fence stands today as one of two reminders of Ripley's character.

The other, less tangible (but more important) legacy of James Ripley's 14-year regime was the rekindling of pride among his workers.

His most noteworthy step in this direction was when he instituted policies which might serve as models for today's efficiency experts. His "career incentive" program increased wages but financially penalized any workman who produced slipshod work. A worker was required to put his indelible mark on every component that passed

TURN PAGE

by AMSgt Clay Barrow

Photos by

ASSgt Russell W. Savatt, Jr.

SPRINGFIELD (cont.)

through his hands. If that material proved faulty under any of the many tests it later underwent, he was held financially responsible not only for his labor but for the entire cost of the component at the time of its failure. It mattered not whether the poor job was the result of accident, carelessness or lack of skill; the worker who had erred bore the cost.

Welders, for example, were charged a dollar for every barrel lost because of their work. They earned 12 cents for each barrel. By spoiling one, they forfeited the money they had earned on eight.

That Ripley succeeded in both his avowed objectives is obvious. Spring-

field became a city in 1852, two years before Ripley's tenure ended. The city's official seal depicted, as it still does, the town at that time. In the upper part, the armory's main arsenal appears just as it existed then, and now.

Springfield Armory today is a sprawling giant whose land and buildings alone are assessed at \$60 million. Its more than 330 acres are located within the city of Springfield.

The armory is not considered a "manufacturing plant" in the literal sense but, rather, a "pilot manufactory" which fabricates weapons from ideas generated by a brilliant Research and Development staff whose sole reason for existence is to assure the placement of "The world's best ordnance equipment in the hands of the world's best fighting men."

Probably the second most popular

topic of conversation for Marines during World War II was, "Which rifle would you prefer to bet your life on, the upstart M-1 or the venerable '03?"

The '03 was like a fly swatter—grimly efficient, provided you wanted to kill your tormentors one at a time. But the M-1's supporters argued that the weapon that had carried their fathers down the glory road against the Germans a generation earlier might not be the answer against the Japanese who had already added a terrible new word—"Banzai!"—to our vocabulary. What was needed, they contended, was an insecticide that would give the lone rifleman a fighting chance against the swarms. The M-1 rifle was the best bug bomb then available.

In 1957, the M-1 vs. '03 argument suddenly burned out. A new star, the 7.62-mm., M-14 rifle, appeared to dim the luster of its predecessors.

Will it provoke the same fierce partisanship as the M-1 and the '03?

Probably.

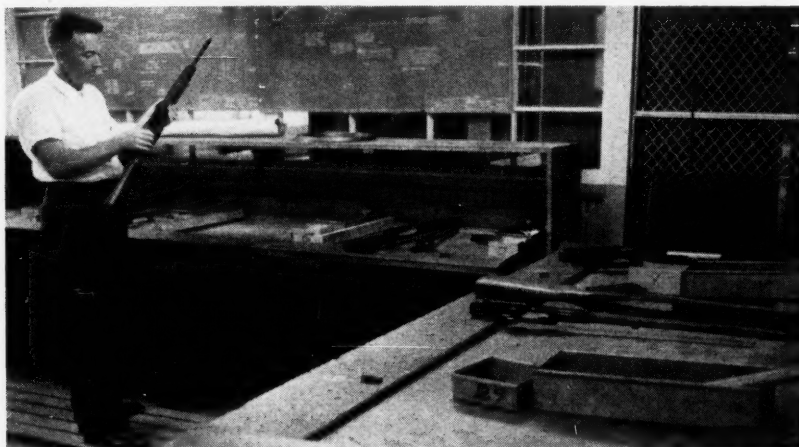
If its impending issue to the field ignites a new three-way debate, the technicians, artisans and artificers of Springfield Armory, will not object. All three weapons were conceived, developed and produced by Springfield Armory, the oldest manufactory in the country.

The cardinal rule of show business, "Never follow a banjo act with a banjo act," could well be the armory's motto. During its 165 years of operation, the armory has developed and manufactured seven epochal types of muskets and rifles. Each has represented a major technological breakthrough.

The development of a new military shoulder weapon is an unbelievably complex and expensive process. It is also one of the most frustrating of endeavors since the same perverse attitude that prompts a child to ignore an expensive toy and play with the cardboard box it came in, manifests itself when the serviceman receives a new weapon. He seems not only to take it for granted, but to deliberately search out its shortcomings. It was this ornery attitude which triggered the M-1 - '03 feud.

In order to appreciate the enormous stride forward the M-14 rifle represents, it is interesting to take a quick look at four of Springfield Armory's epochal weapons.

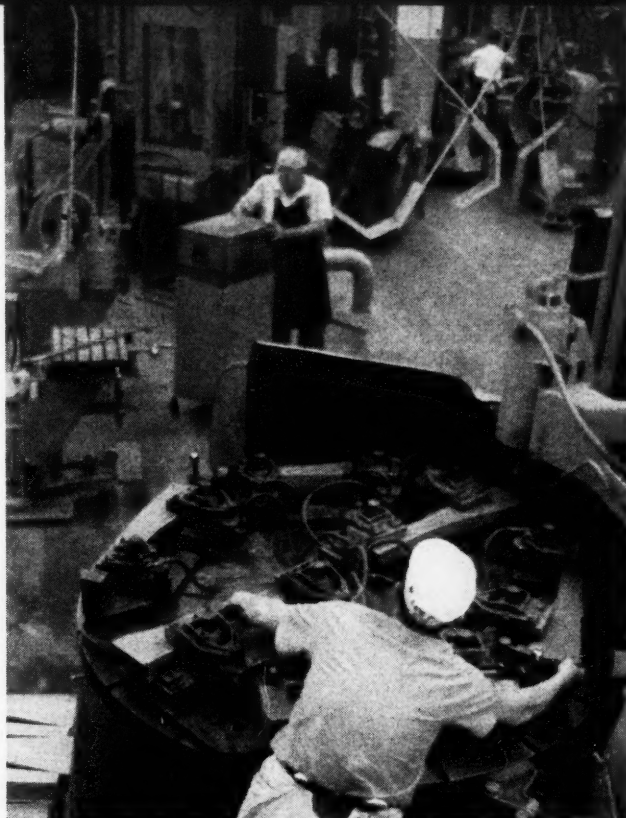
The era of the big-bore, low-velocity rifle ended in 1890, with the appointment of a board of Army officers for the purpose of selecting a new service rifle. After two years of testing and evaluating 53 domestic and foreign weapons, the board selected the Krag-Jorgensen. Invented by two Norwegians, more than 150,000 Krags were produced



In the "interchangeability" test, 10 weapons were detail-stripped and reassembled in different weapons to see that components were perfect

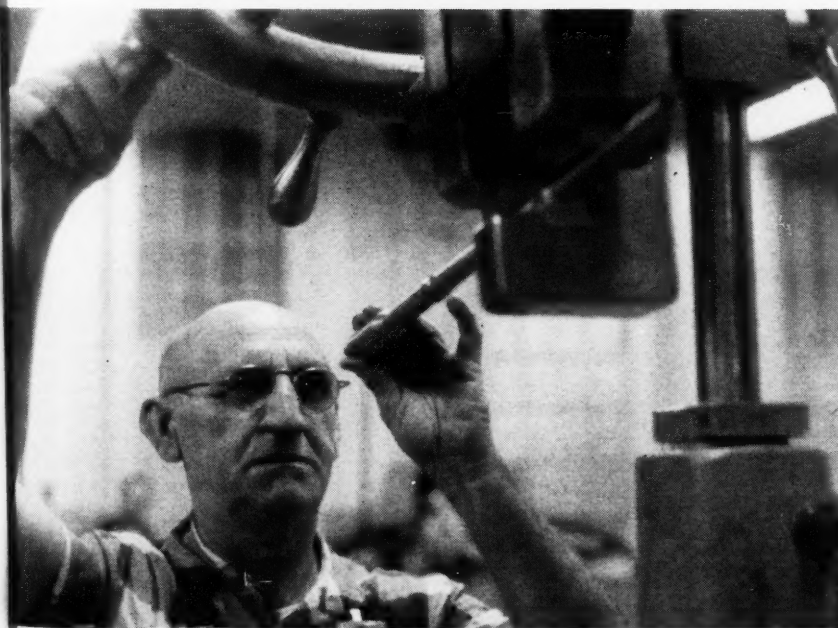


Actions which lasted only a few millionths of a second, such as this proof-firing of the M-14, were recorded by high-speed motion pictures



Moving counter-clockwise, the machine in the foreground shaped six black walnut stock "blanks" in one operation

◀ A rifle component was tested on this Optical Comparator which compared its dimensions against a scale drawing



over a 10-year period at Springfield Armory. The K-J was the first bolt-action U.S. standard weapon and the first to have a wooden hand guard over the top of its barrel.

Springfield Armory's traditional role in weapons development clearly can be seen by studying the original K-J (M1892) and the M1894, M1896 and M1898 K-Js. Each of the latter three models of the same weapon contains important improvements over its predecessor.

The K-J saw service in the Spanish-American War, in China, and the Philippines. It was replaced by what must be called the most popular rifle ever produced in this country—the justifiably famous '03. Here, too, the enigma of hostility to progress asserts itself. Unquestionably, the '03 was

TURN PAGE

◀ The art of barrel straightening has remained substantially the same for the past two centuries

SPRINGFIELD (cont.)

superior to the K-J. Still, there were those who grumbled that the '03 was inferior in two departments. The K-J's bolt-action was smoother than the '03's and it was almost completely jam-proof. Despite everything the armory's gunsmiths could do, the K-J today retains those advantages; it can be rapid-fired faster without jamming than any rifle ever produced.

The design of the '03 was adapted from the German Mauser. An almost indisputable fact is that in point of functioning, accuracy and general serviceability as an all-around military and target piece, it is at least the equal of the M-1. From the standpoint of accuracy, one renowned Marine shooter says, "At the low ranges, two men of equal ability will match each other bull for bull with the '03 and the M-1. But, in my opinion, at 600 and 1000 yards the '03 shooter will shoot the better score. The difference is not in the man or the weapon; it is in the sights."

The other side of the coin, of course, is that the M-1 possessed one quality which canceled out all other considerations. It had a semiautomatic capability.

Approximately 1.7 million "Springfields" were manufactured. Of these, about 1.4 million were produced by the Springfield Armory and the remainder by the Rock Island Arsenal which was in limited operation as a manufacturing plant from 1904-1919.

Most Marines would guess that the '03 died with the official adoption of the M-1 in 1936. Not so. Although some gun lovers wish it had, it proved too tough to die. The Remington Arms Company, utilizing for the most part manufacturing equipment which had been stored between wars at the Rock Island Arsenal, produced well over a million "modified" '03s between November, 1941, and March, 1944. In only 16 months, the other contractor, L. C. Smith & Corona Typewriters, Inc., produced an additional 234,580—only 250 less than Rock Island had turned out in the nine and a half years prior to and during World War I.

In his superlative book, *The Rifle In America*, Phillip B. Sharpe lauds the ingenuity and patriotism of the civilian manufacturers who produced these critically needed weapons. But he adds, "Once, the ownership of a Springfield was an honor. Ownership of a 'new Springfield' is not . . . The young rifleman will probably never know what a wonderful rifle the M1903 once was—all he will know is the 'tin can' version."

One cannot help but speculate as to how many of World War II's "defenders" of the '03 were, in reality, talking about the tin can version.

Even before the formidable '03 went into production, the first halting steps toward finding its successor had been taken. Unlike commercial sporting rifle manufacturers, Springfield's gunsmiths were (as they are today) bound by certain inviolable criteria to which all



Function firing (20 rounds into a water trap) is one of four firing tests the M-14 rifle must undergo

their weapons had to conform. The Bureau of Ordnance established six "military characteristics" which the '03 met. Wouldn't it be Jim-dandy, thought the turn of the century Ordnance people, if another weapon could meet them—and have the added ability to deliver a volume of fire?

But Rome—or a weapon of the magnitude of the M-1—could not be built in a day. It would be nine years before the idea crystallized and 19 before the Springfield Armory obtained the services of an obscure employee of the U.S. Bureau of Standards, named John C. Garand.

Garand's inventive genius had produced a light machine gun incorporating an entirely new principal. Ordnance neither needed nor wanted the gun but, for \$3600 a year, they hired him, in 1919, to incorporate the principal into a semi-automatic shoulder weapon. He reported to Springfield Armory and stayed more than a quarter of a century. The armory did not, however, place all its eggs in John Garand's basket. Two other giant talents, Mr. J. D. Pederson and Army Captain James L. Hatcher, attacked the semi-automatic problem from different viewpoints. The long years of trial, error and travail have been thoroughly documented in other publications. The bespectacled civil servant, Garand, plodding on in near-anonymity, was the only one of the trio who worked stead-



Frank Mindel, (L) a Marine veteran of WWII, chatted with Alfred Shaw, a WWI Marine. The men work in the final assembly section

ily on the assignment from 1919 to the mid-thirties. And, in the end, he built his own monument.

It took a global war for the M-1 to prove itself, just as the '03 had done in 1917-18. But prove itself it did. The disparity between battle casualties in WWII and Korea and the total predicted by the actuaries' forecasts has been attributed to many factors. But, surely, no single shoulder weapon in U.S. history has meant so much to so many in moments of mortal crisis as John Garand's much-maligned M-1 rifle.

The M-1 was, indeed, something! And, as has been said, you can't beat something with nothing. Just how good is this M-14 which has relegated the M-1 to the scrap heap? The plain truth is that nobody really knows. Not the men who conceived it, nor those who built it, nor those who subjected it to every torture test imaginable. Battle is still the ultimate proving ground.

The best educated guesstimates rank it closer than any in history to the mythical "ultimate weapon."

A hint of the weapon's potential is that, contrary to opinion, it did not become adopted after competitive tests against the M-1. The M-1 could not hope to compete against it. The M-14 is so superior to any American weapon that it was necessary to look abroad for a worthy challenger. Only Belgium's *Fabrique Nationale* was conceded an outside chance to out-perform it.

When the final tests were made at Fort Benning, Ga., one M-14 competed against five different versions of the FN. No one who has seen the results doubted that the Belgians have the second best weapon in the world.

The Army's Lieutenant Colonel

Charles E. Septfonds, Jr., who heads the armory's Plans and Programs section, understandably did not like the implications of the question, "Wasn't it a foregone conclusion that our weapon would beat the FN?"

"Hell, no!" he erupted. "We don't care where a weapon comes from. We borrowed from the French for the first muskets made in this armory. We've borrowed from the Germans and Norwegians and anybody else who's willing to share technological advances with us. Other countries incorporate our advancements into their weapons. We want the best. Many of us were hoping that the FN would win just so it wouldn't look like a put-up job."

LtCol Septfonds, second in command to Colonel Charles L. P. Medinnis, is one of the 15-officer detachment permanently assigned to the armory. Of the M-14, he says, "... it has more inherent accuracy than the M-1. We may be able to make an even stronger statement after it is introduced at the National Matches in Camp Perry in calendar year 1963. There will be people who will criticize things about it. The stock, for example, looks a lot more fragile than it is. But this weapon has proved that it can take it. We've always known that it could dish it out."

Mr. James P. Murphy, of the armory's Research and Development Division, grinned and told us, "Marines are going to like this one," as he pointed out the nomenclature of the M-14. Jim, who is half of the two-man team which has been giving demonstrations on the weapon for two years, added, "You should learn how to field strip this baby in about half an hour and then do it in about eight seconds. It breaks down to only eight pieces, including the magazine."

A short time later, Mr. Joe Block, foreman of the armory's Major Item Inspection Unit, put on an eye-popping demonstration. He field stripped the weapon, *using only one hand*. Try that on your M-1!

Just as the M-1's principal feature—semiautomatic fire—was being considered even before the birth of the '03, so the problem of a full automatic weapon was being studied even as the first M-1s came off the assembly line in 1937. John Garand, himself, added the first refinements in this direction to his weapon. But the giant steps were not taken until after WWII when, in addition to added firepower under certain combat conditions, two other problem areas—weight and ammunition—were studied. The using services demanded a lighter weapon and hoped for a larger supply of immediately available ammunition.

Springfield Armory's craftsmen's first answer to the problems was the T20E2 rifle. This weapon's major innovations were its 20-round box magazine, a longer receiver which allowed time for a cartridge to feed upward in the magazine, a selector and connector which permitted full automatic firing, a flash hider and a roller on the bolt-operating lug which permitted continued functioning despite extremely adverse conditions such as rain, snow, dust, etc. Despite its many internal refinements, the T20E2 looked much the same as the M-1 with a magazine added.

Like the T20E2, its successor, the T36, still resembled the M-1 superficially. But the third principal weapon in the evolution, the T37, with the elimination of the front hand guard, took on the appearance of a new weapon.

After the T37 came the T44 which, in turn, led to the T44E4. The T44E4 was the weapon which competed against the FN at Fort Benning and earned itself a new name: the Rifle, 7.62mm., M-14.

Although the M-14 was accepted in 1957, it had undergone five years of abuse under the worst possible conditions. It had been buried in the earth like a bone, frozen in the arctic and fired so fast and long that its barrel had burst into flames—but it kept firing. It was fired in a dust-filled room and under constantly pouring water which washed away all oil and lubricant, but did not stop it from firing.

The professional gun-abusers had to know, for example, if the new trapped gas concept of firing was as reliable under all (continued on page 67)

Inspection foreman, J. W. Block, supervised as his tester checked results of a target-accuracy test





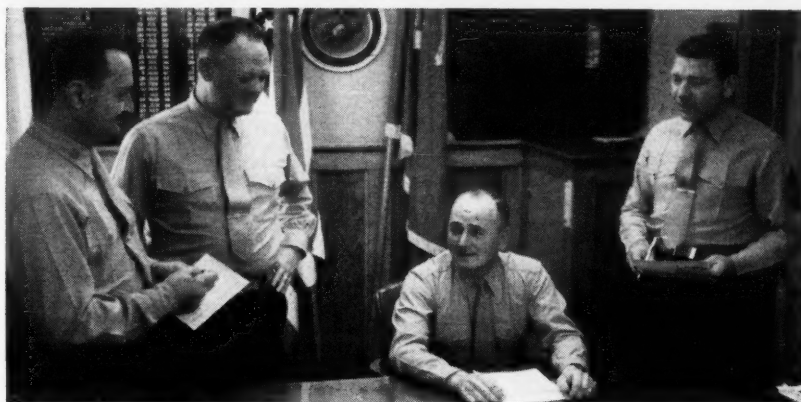
With the York River in the background, members of the NWS guard were marched to the barracks

for their duty assignments. In addition to the main station, personnel also guard Skiffes Creek Annex

by ASSgt Thurlow D. Ellis

Photos by
AGySgt E. L. Jarrard

Smooth command operations are aided by informal staff meetings



Post of the Corps

YORKTOWN VIRGINIA

Legends, history, and traditions are
all part of the NWS, Yorktown, Va.



SCA guard personnel find ample time to clean weapons and uniforms, despite demanding duties

THUNDER roared through the inky blackness of the night while lightning split the heavens, illuminating the world below, exposing log cabins strewn hither-and-yon over the country-side, and a lonely wagon carrying a colonial family from a neighboring cabin to their own farm many miles distant. Suddenly lightning flashed, horses bolted, and the wagon overturned, bringing death to its occupants. Now, hundreds of years later, this family once again rises out of the grave to continue their journey. Where their trip starts, and where it ends, is unknown, but each year on that fateful night, anyone traveling the road at midnight will witness a reoccurrence of this event.

Although this may sound like an extraction from the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," it's actually a story related to new members of the Guard Com-

TURN PAGE



Only four members of the Drum and Bugle Corps can read music, but in the 1959 Armed Forces Day parade, the unit took top honors



Members of the SCA received instruction on squad and platoon size tactics from ASSgt John



Members of the SCA used the athletic field to "run through" a class problem on military tactics

YORKTOWN (cont.)

pany, Marine Barracks, Naval Weapons Station, Yorktown, Va., by some of the "old salts" of the command, to describe a four-mile stretch of the "Old Williamsburg" highway.

Commanded by Lieutenant Colonel W. M. Caufield, the personnel of the Marine Barracks have more to do than just tell ghost stories. Their daily routine commences with reveille at 0630, followed by a roll call. Calisthenics play an important part in the physical fitness of the guard; after roll call, the men receive their exercises, plus a brisk run around the barracks.

Returning to their squad bays, the men hold barracks clean-up, which accounts for about one and one-half hours before uniforms are broken out for duty. Sharpness is demanded of these young Marines, who can be found pressing their uniforms at night and again in the morning. Shoes are inspected and touched up for the morning guard mount and emblems are given a last-minute once-over to insure neatness.

Members of the Guard Platoon

standing the duty are inspected at 0730 by the Sergeant of the Guard, then by the Commander of the Guard. At 0800, the guard stands morning colors, then retires to the barracks to be assigned their designated posts and patrols.

In 1842, the Bureau of Ordnance was founded, and one of the projects of the department was the selection of sites for ordnance depots. On August 7, 1918, the government designated a plot of land, about 18 miles square, as the site for the Yorktown depot. One month later, the Navy took over and constructed the Naval Mine Depot. This title was recently changed to the Naval Weapons Station.

Marine Barracks, NWS, has a T/O for 14 officers and 294 enlisted men, making the barracks one of the largest of its kind in the Corps.

Operation of the command is composed of three sections; the Support section, which is responsible for Headquarters, Food Service, Special Services and the Marine Exchange; Administration section, which handles all administrative matters; and the Supply section, which controls necessities of the organization.

All company offices and guard offices,

including the brig, are located in the Marine Barracks building. On the first deck, right wing, are offices for the Sergeant of the Guard, Corporal of the Guard and Commander of the Guard, in addition to the brig and the vehicle dispatcher.

Company offices are situated on the first deck, left wing, and space between the two wings is devoted to a recreation room equipped with writing tables, reading room, TV room, Hi-Fi room, Drum and Bugle Corps room, trophy case, pool table, ping pong table, and

an assortment of soft drink and sandwich dispensing machines. The second deck is devoted to troop areas and storage rooms.

Married enlisted personnel have quarters about one-half mile from the main gate. Officers' quarters, both BOQ and MOQ, are located on station. One of the homes in officers' country has been assigned as quarters for the First Sergeant, Marine Barracks.

Located off the base, directly across from the main gate, is a small shopping area. Yorktown is about three miles away.

Within easy access of the barracks is the mess hall, which serves both Marine and Naval personnel; the cafeteria, which is converted into an enlisted men's club after working hours; a theater; gas station; and Marine Exchange, which also caters to Naval personnel and dependents since there's no Navy Exchange aboard the station.

The athletic field is located behind the cafeteria, chapel and exchange. LtCol Caufield encourages his men to participate in all types of intramural sports, and has arranged for competitive sports between Marine and Naval personnel.

One of the newer additions to the station is a CPO club for Navy Petty Officers and Marine Staff NCOs. A new commissary store was opened on September 16, 1959. The store is operated entirely by enlisted men, but it is governed by the big commissary store at Norfolk, Va.

Prior to receiving local commissary privileges, the NWS personnel were required to travel to Fort Eustis or one of the other military posts in the vicinity.

As in any military area, the big thing is liberty. Many of the men like to pull local liberty because of the historical sites near the station. About 15 miles from NWS are the remains of Jamestown, Va., location of the first surviving English settlement in the New World. Colonized in May, 1607, the community served as the seat of government for the Virginia Colony. Today, centuries-old foundations of homes and community buildings can be seen on the bank of the James River.

Remains of the famous Glass House, where all glass for the young Virginia Colony was produced, are preserved, but just a few yards away, a new glass house has been erected, where visitors may purchase items they have watched being made.

Another historical location frequently visited by many of the Marines is Williamsburg, Va., about 12 miles from the station. Through the combined efforts of local citizenry and state aid, the original Williamsburg has been restored, with all of its quaint shops, stores and taverns. The Governor's

mansion has been preserved, and, for a slight charge, regularly scheduled tours of the mansion and adjoining gardens may be made.

Williamsburg is also the location for William and Mary College, oldest seat of learning in the United States. Located on the W&M campus is the famous Wren House, oldest academic building in the U. S.

In 1956, Barracks personnel decided they would like to organize a small musical unit of their own. When inquiries were made, it was learned that the Barracks could sport a 13-man Drum and Bugle Corps. The field musics of the command joined forces and issued a call for volunteers.

In short order the D&B Corps became a reality, but the process of finding qualified musicians posed complications . . . there were none. Accepting this dilemma, the field musics accepted interested persons, and commenced the arduous task of making musicians out of them.

In September, 1958, ASSgt Noel A. John, Platoon Sergeant, was given the leadership of the D&B Corps and even though he, himself, did not know a note of music, he devoted many hours of his free time to learning. Today, the D&B Corps has four field musics who can read music, while the rest of the unit plays strictly by ear. "I know a sour note when I hear one, but don't often hear any from this group," commented ASSgt John.

LtCol Caufield is especially proud of the unit; its members captured first place honors, and a trophy, for their

participation in the Armed Forces Day parade last year. The unit competed against such fine military groups as the TAC Band from Langley Field, AFB, the Continental Army Band from Ft. Monroe, and the Ft. Eustis Band.

Guard members are composed of two separate detachments. One is responsible for the security of the main station while the second detachment, under the command of Major P. Mazzuca, Jr., Second Guard Company, Skiffes Creek Annex, is responsible for the security at the Annex, a unit within the main station.

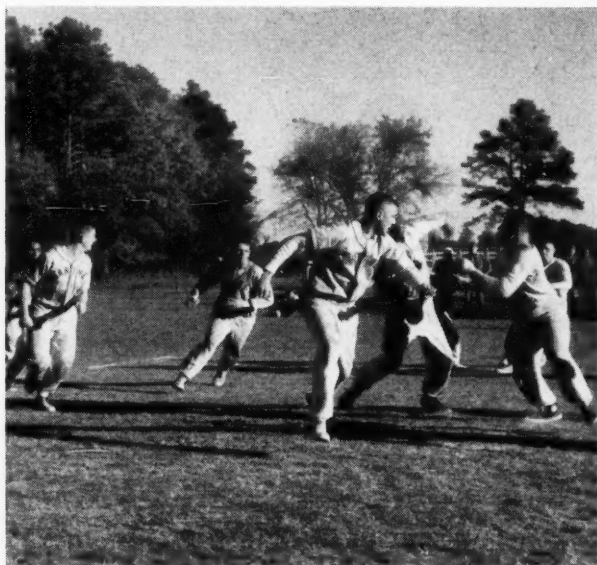
Located between the main station and Skiffes Creek Annex are the lonely ruins of a house said to be more than 200 years old. It is the Lee House, and it is credited with having housed nine generations of Lees, starting with Henry Lee, and continuing to General Robert E. Lee. The house stands deep inland, and near the headwaters of Felgate's Creek.

Another test of a new guard member's fortitude is the Black Swamp area. It is said that the swamp harbors a special breed of cat, similar to a wild cat, but much larger, and more ferocious. If a man is pursued by one of these cats he's had it.

According to the story, these monstrous members of the cat family will claw and rip at a victim until there's nothing left. Many of the Sergeants of the Guard relate tales of sentries calling in to report a devil cat in their area, but the odd thing about these calls is the fact that only new men report them **END**



College beauties led guard members on a tour of historic Williamsburg's, William and Mary, campus



After rolling over Navy teams, first and second platoon teams, First Guard, vied for NWS honors



"Hit the deck, Knucklehead!!"



"Sorry, but we don't sell blue diapers with red stripes down the sides!"



"Herman . . . yol, Zachury . . . hup!, Millicent . . . here, daddy!, lwo . . . hol!"



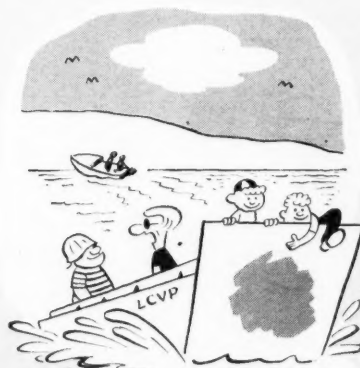
"Dear! May I keep my blues out of this attic trunk? It seems to be shrinking them!"



"Next time I select the wall paper!"



"So I tossed a grenade at the sniper when oh . . . wee, wee, said the little pig all the way home!"

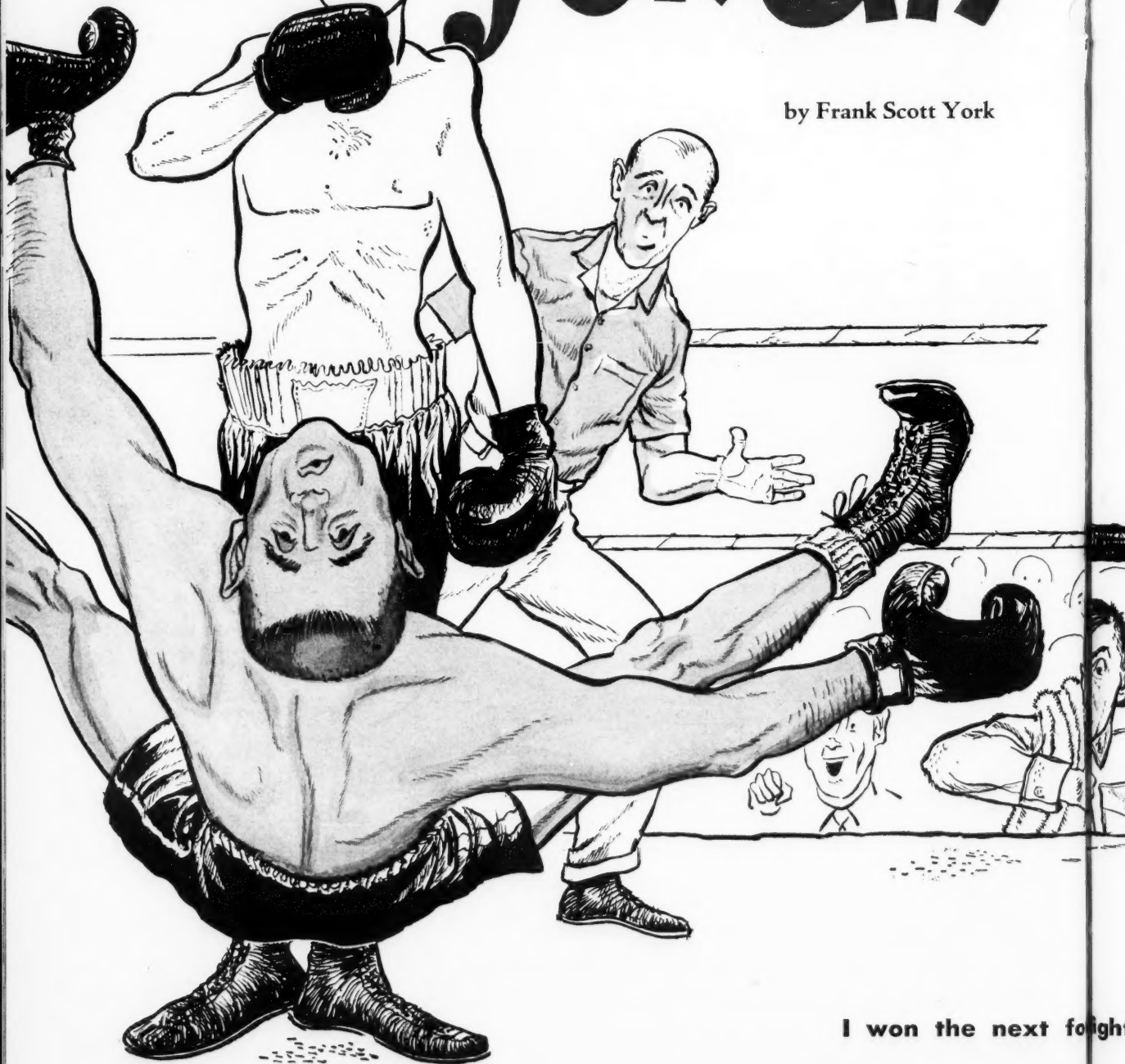


"Why can't we just have a motor boat like other families?"



the Jonah

by Frank Scott York



I won the next fight

convinced, thanks to Withrow, moun

AT ONE TIME or another everyone has the misfortune to cross paths with a clown like Pvt Withrow. If ever there was a guy who attracted trouble in large doses, my ex-buddy Withrow is that guy. And I'm not just saying this because, while at this moment he's probably on liberty, I am writing these words in the brig. My one consolation is, no matter where Withrow is, he is fouling someone else's life up for a change.

Our first meeting should have been the tip-off, but I wasn't as smart then as I am now.

Mess Sergeant Hook formally introduced us while I was walloping pots in his galley. "Hey knothead," he called to me, using one of the endearing little nicknames he bestows on his slaves. "Gotta new clamhead here to help you. Just got in today and already he's got Lieutenant Simms mad at him."

I turned from my steaming vat of misery and saw a small, mild-looking joe peering at me friendly. "Welcome," I said. "And Sarge, do you have a chisel handy? I find the remains of your meatloaf do not respond to soap

and water." I smiled at Withrow. "You'd be surprised at the recipes Sarge gets off cement bags."

"Knothead, here, is a little ray of sunshine in our drab world," Sarge Hook explained heavily to the new man. "His little jokes are so funny I just can't bear the thought of losing him. In fact, I intend to keep him on pots and pans until my next cruise runs out, three years from now."

He left after a few similar expressions of appreciation, and Pvt Withrow joined me in my never-ending quest for pearls.

"What did you do to Lt Simms?" I inquired through clouds of greasy vapor.

"It was an accident," Withrow said. I didn't know it then but those four, simple words were the story of his life.

"You see, I'm superstitious. This morning, while I was reporting in to Captain Sabathe, the lieutenant came in on business, along with another officer. They started to light cigarettes, three on a match. All I said was, 'Sir, three on a match is extremely dangerous.'"

"You said that?" I asked admiringly.

"Yes. I meant no disrespect but, as I said, I am superstitious and three on a match is like hitting a bull with a baseball bat."

"What happened then?"

"Lt Simms was lighting the captain's cigarette when I spoke up. He sort of stared at me and said, 'What was that?' I repeated my warning, politely but firmly. He kept staring at me as though I were some sort of insect on a pin. I didn't mind as I'm used to the look."

"Is that all?" I asked, dipping both arms back into the simmering water.

"No. At that-point the captain let out a yowl of pain. The lieutenant had been holding the lighted match during our exchange and it came in contact with the captain's nose. A regrettable accident and I imagine the blister is quite painful."

"They usually are," I commented, again with admiration.

"Yes. Then of course, the *real* accident occurred."

"You mean there was more?"

Pvt Withrow blew drops of perspiration off his nose. "Yes. The lieutenant, naturally, dropped the match with a start and apologized profusely to the captain. He was addressing me in an entirely different voice when he realized he was on fire."

I stepped back from the sink in astonishment, and pulled him out of the swirling clouds of steam.

"See," he said calmly. "Now you're looking at me like I was an insect on a pin."

"Sorry. You said the lieutenant was on fire?"

"Yes. The match, it seems, had fallen into the wastepaper basket. It flared up and the flames came in contact with the lieutenant's trousers. In slapping out the smoldering material his head hit the captain's desk. A nasty bump."

"Holy billy goat," I breathed.

"There was quite a bit of confusion for several moments. And the outcome, of course, is evident. Here I am." Withrow sighed heavily and disappeared again into the steam.

"You know," I said thoughtfully. "A guy like you could start wars."

An hour later, thanks to Withrow, I almost started one.

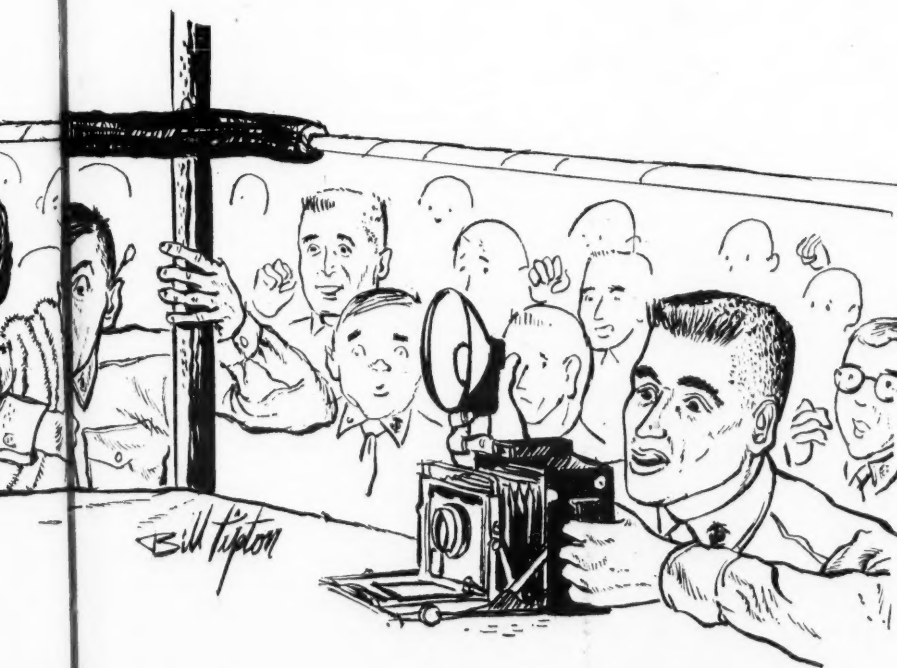
We were filling the large, glass salt shakers prior to evening chow. Withrow was explaining how he had acquired a small, pinkish scar over his eye. It seemed that once, to avoid walking under a ladder, he had stepped around it, fallen over a small dog and rolled into a fire hydrant.

"You hit your head on the hydrant?"

"No," Withrow said sadly. "The dog bit me."

"And you still walk around ladders?"

TURN PAGE



...t fights by knockouts in the first round. I was soon

...w, punches were so fast even I wasn't aware of them

THE JONAH (cont.)

"Oh yes. But I also avoid small dogs."

At that moment I knocked over an uncapped salt shaker and the stuff ran all over the table. Withrow's eyes bulged and he turned white. "Quick," he said, "throw some over your shoulder."

"Oh, come on now," I said sarcastically. "You carry this business too . . ."

"Please, do as I say. I had an uncle who died in an auto accident eight short years after spilling salt and forgetting to throw some over his shoulder."

I shook my head, but to humor him I grabbed a handful of salt and tossed it carelessly over my left shoulder. An explosion of oaths, sneezing and inarticulate gurgling spun both Withrow and me around in alarm.

Sarge Hooker had taken the handful

of salt right between the eyes as he approached with another armful of empty shakers. He was jumping up and down, clawing at his eyes and resembling a snow-encrusted explorer just off the Arctic ice.

I glared at Withrow angrily. "Now see what you've done?"

"At least," he said calmly, "nothing will happen to you."

He was wrong again, of course. We both pulled an extra week's pearl diving.

In the next six weeks Withrow's deeds and name spread far and wide in the division. It was like playing with fire, but I became his buddy and it became a sort of personal crusade, just keeping the two of us out of trouble. Withrow wasn't a bad guy but he certainly did his best to turn this crusade into a Chinese torture rack.

Like the time we were walking to the P.X. and I was trying to talk him out of writing a letter to the Commandant in which he would request a new serial number. There were two

thirteens in his present one. I was arguing loudly when he stopped in his tracks and turned the now familiar shade of clean snow. "Look," he said hoarsely. I looked and observed a small, black kitten crossing the sidewalk in front of us.

"Now wait . . ." I began wearily, but Withrow had no ears for reason.

He turned and shouted, "Come on, to the other side of the street," and ran directly into the side of Lt Simms' jeep. Fortunately, the jeep was moving slowly. Withrow's momentum carried him over the side and he came to rest, after a half somersault, almost in the lieutenant's lap. The officer gave a loud squawk of alarm and slammed down on the brake. But not in time to prevent the jeep's mounting the curb and folding its grill noisily around a telephone pole. The lieutenant's reaction was restrained, almost gentle. He recognized his uninvited passenger, covered his eyes with his hands and muttered, "No . . . oh, no . . ."

All this gives you an idea of the sort of guy Withrow was. And sets the stage for the piece of business that put me here in the brig, and definitely finished our friendship. I mean, a guy can get run over by a train just so many times before he realizes it is a fine way to get hurt.

Withrow, without my knowledge, entered my name in the inter-divisional boxing tournament.

"Why?" I asked him simply, after discovering I was supposed to have won 18 pro fights in civilian life, and was to meet one Pvt Warren Easterbrooke that Friday night in "B" Mess Hall.

Withrow perched himself on the edge of the sink—we were sharing co-captaincy of the head duty that week—and spoke sincerely. "Sam, we might as well face it. You and I have a nasty reputation to live down."

"What do you mean, you and I? I've been an innocent bystander in every one of your escapades."

"We have to do something to gain favor in the outfit," he went on, ignoring the truth of my protest. "This boxing tournament is just the ticket. Whether we win or lose, people will see we are true Marines at heart and have just been dogged by a run of bad luck."

I glowered at him. "Whether we win or lose? I only saw my name on the list. You could have at least asked me. It so happens I have been known to get a bloody nose just watching the fights on TV."

"That's why I let it be known you fought professionally, Sam. The greatest superstition of all is fear. When your opponents realize they are going in against a seasoned professional, they will turn to stone in that ring. All you



have to do is look fierce, dance around a little and snort through your nose."

I shook my head in wonder. "I don't know how to snort through my nose. And I don't want to know how. Look, you got me into this; now you can just get me out of it. Why didn't you put your name down on that list?"

"Because," Withrow said patiently, "I did *not* fight professionally as a civilian."

"Well, dammit, I just told you, neither did I!"

"Everybody thinks you did, and that's what counts."

I opened my mouth and closed it. Withrow's logic was as hard to grasp as a greased pig, and you got just as tired trying. "I won't do it," I said with finality.

He hopped off the sink and paced the floor thoughtfully. "Look, Sam, I'll admit that my being superstitious has sort of backfired. I'm trying to make up for it. The captain, Lt Simms and most of the guys are afraid to get within 10 feet of us. We're gonna ship out soon and I see this boxing thing as our big chance to get the respect and admiration of those who doubt us, before we get transferred or something. This is the best division in the Corps and I want to stay with it."

"You should be selling soap, instead of cleaning heads with it," I said sourly. "I still don't see how my getting my head handed to me is gonna . . ."

Withrow held up a hand and his eyes burned into mine. "Sam, I give you my word, you will not lose a fight. You will be middleweight champion of this division. As your manager and second and friend, I promise you that."

I blinked to break the hypnotic spell. "How can you promise a thing like that?"

"Just take my word for it."
• "Yeah, like the kiss of death . . ."
I broke off as Lt Simms entered our domain. "Why, hello there, sir," I said, grateful for any interruption.

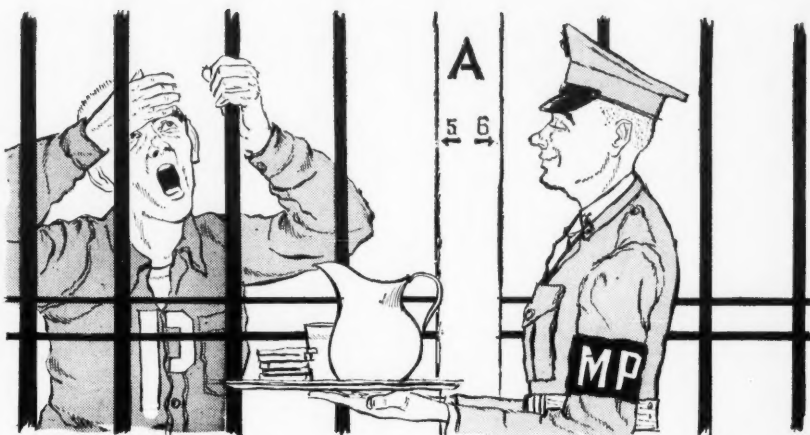
"Hello, men," he said, and though he edged as far as possible away from Withrow, he seemed almost friendly. "I wanted to see both of you."

Withrow gave a sad smile. "We're not hard to find these days, Lieutenant. Just keep trying the heads."

"It seems to have done you both some good. You haven't been on report for a full week." The lieutenant fingered his forehead. "And the scars are healing nicely. But keep your distance, Withrow, don't get any closer," he added hastily. "I wanted to discuss the fight."

"So do I, sir," I said eagerly. "There seems to have been a slight . . ."

"Don't worry about my boy here, Lieutenant," Withrow said even more eagerly. "He's ready."



"Good. I was surprised, to say the least, to hear about your civilian successes, Murphy. You know, don't you, I'm assigned to handle the company team. I'm very pleased to see you are finally prepared to make a contribution to your outfit, instead of continuing to make it a laughing stock. We want to take top honors in this tournament. Confidentially, the winners of their respective weight classes will comprise a divisional team which will challenge other service teams in the area; Navy, Army and Coast Guard. It's a great opportunity."

"Yessir," I mumbled, and shot a glare of pure rage toward the grinning Withrow. If I backed down now, obviously there wouldn't be enough heads in the Corps to keep us occupied to the lieutenant's satisfaction.

"Withrow, I understand you've had experience training fighters and wish to handle Pvt Murphy personally?"

"That's right, sir," Withrow said smoothly. "As I explained to the captain, the former welterweight champ, Kid Geronimo, kept me in his corner for a year. I was sort of a good luck charm for him."

"You, a good luck charm?" the lieutenant said incredulously.

"The kid wouldn't let anyone else hand him his mouthpiece," Withrow said proudly. "You see, in my study of superstitions, I learned something about voodoo and the Kid was a strong believer. I used to mumble a few words over the mouthpiece before every fight. He ate it up. Thought I was protecting him from getting hit in the chops, see?"

This, I knew, was complete nonsense, and probably the lieutenant did too. But he must have reasoned anything that would keep Withrow's feeble brain occupied was to the good. "Okay," he said, without comment, "see that Murphy gets a good daily workout and check with me every evening in the office. This Easterbrooke you're fighting is a big, tough farm boy. Looks like he could knock a horse down, but

of course, he hasn't had your experience."

The lieutenant walked to the door and paused as Withrow said, "Sir . . ."

Lt Simms turned his head. "Yes?"

"I just want you to know, sir," Withrow said, "I'm really sorry about the jeep and all the rest. I think you'll see a big change in Sam and me."

"If I can go an entire week more without a bruise, bump or burn, Withrow, I'll be willing to believe that." He shook his head and half grinned. "Even so, I feel safer with you a good dozen yards away from me." He turned back to the door, just as it swung in violently. There was a loud "thunk" of wood on skull and the lieutenant reeled backward, clutching his temple and howling, "I knew it, I knew it, I knew it. It was too good to be true . . ."

Cpl Dombrowski stood in the doorway, dumb with horror. "Gee, sir," he mumbled, "I'm sorry . . . I didn't know you was . . . I sure wouldn't have . . . your head is bleeding, sir . . ."

"Are you all right, sir?" Withrow asked anxiously. "May I help you?"

"Just get away from me . . . don't get any closer . . . I knew it, I knew it . . ."

Lt Simms staggered out of the head. I looked at Withrow gloomily. "I should have told him a dozen yards wasn't enough."

On Friday night, in the presence of 500 fellow Marines, I cold-crowned Pvt Easterbrooke in the second round. At the time I might have intimidated a powerful right hand did it. Now, I realize Easterbrooke was beaten before he left the dressing room.

I should have known before the fight, when Withrow said, "All you have to do is wave your hands under his nose. I have built you such a reputation, if you sneeze in the ring the referee will request an overseas transfer."

"All I know," I said miserably, "is that I couldn't defend myself against a small patrol of (continued on page 78)

NEW HEBRIDES REVISITED

This once strategic Pacific bastion
now lures the South Seas traveler



Steel-ribbed skeletons are all that remain of
1stMAW Quonset huts above Second channel



This ultramodern, three-story Chinese structure stands out in sharp contrast to the converted supply huts and warehouses in "new" Santo



Although most of the buildings are remodeled Navy structures, a new Bank of Indo-China added a touch of Western world ultramodernism

by Robert C. Hayes

Photos by author

FOUR MONTHS after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, their seemingly irresistible advance had swept everything before it as far south as New Guinea, Rabaul, and Bougainville in the northern Solomon Islands. No Allied forces had yet challenged the Japanese in amphibious battle. The Rising Sun was heading on schedule toward Australia and New Zealand, and to intercept, the slender U.S. supply line from Hawaii which fed these two countries.

Faced with this general situation, the United States authorized the occupation of "certain strategically important" South Pacific islands in March, 1942. Whereupon, the Marines' 4th Base Defense Battalion and forward echelon of Marine Aircraft Group Twenty-four landed on the island of Efate at the end of March, and elements of the 4th Base Defense Battalion and MAG-21 occupied Espiritu Santo less than two months later.

Thus began the organized defense of

the New Hebrides and the build-up of one of the largest naval and military bases in the South Pacific. Air and naval base construction was started immediately with Marine, Seabee and Army personnel to provide airfields from which Allied forces could strike back at the rapidly approaching enemy who, by 4 May, had captured Tulagi, capital of British Solomon Islands across Sealark Channel from the then little-known island of Guadalcanal.

Strategic importance of the New Hebrides was described by Admiral Ernest J. King, then commander-in-chief, U.S. Fleet, who said that Efate should be the first of the South Pacific islands "from which a step-by-step general advance could be made through the New Hebrides, Solomons and Bismarcks" to turn back the enemy advance and gain the Allied initiative.

Returning to the New Hebrides 17 years later, one feels as Rip Van Winkle must have felt; the old landmarks are there, but there's something different about the place.

The two-hour, 15-minute flight from New Caledonia to Vila, Efate, is made by a DC-3 of the French airline, T.A.I. One feels proud to land at the original Bauer Field on the outskirts of Vila and know that it was built by Marines and named after the late Major Harold W. Bauer, commanding officer of VMF-212, who later was shot down over the Solomons. The name "Bauer Field" was adopted officially in 1959 after 17 years of common usage.

The thousands of air and ground Marines who were stationed on Efate at one time or another, or who passed through on their way to the forward areas, will remember Vila as the capital of that strange and unique French-British government known as condominium, which by the very nature of its dual control is still referred to as "pandemonium."

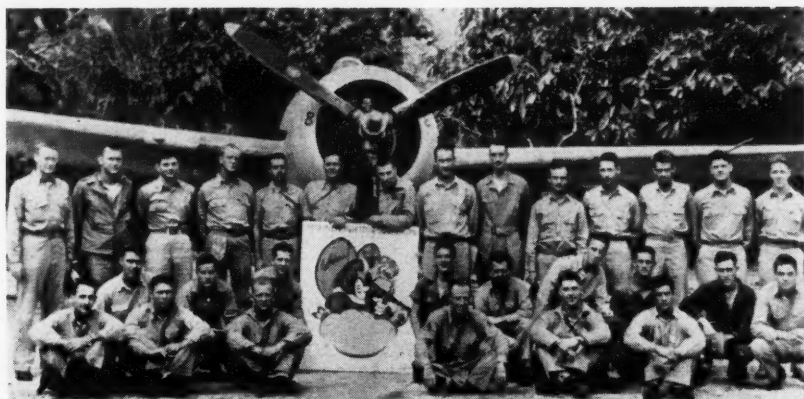
Separate British and French government headquarters stand amidst well-manicured "paddocks" atop dual hills overlooking coral-hued Vila harbor. The British resident commissioner's home occupies jewel-like Iririki islands in the middle of the bay.

Of the network of roads built by American forces throughout Efate, only a few remain. These lead in to Vila, to Bauer Field and to nearby native villages or coconut plantations. The main road that circled the island, connecting the Marine camps at Coin Hill with Havanna Harbor, Vila and other military installations, has long since fallen into disrepair and can be traveled only in dry weather.

On all sides one hears the refrain: "We wish the Americans would return — and fix up the roads."

A few crumbling concrete foundations

TURN PAGE



VMF-212 personnel gathered for a squadron picture in 1942. The group was based at Bauer Field



Natives have been taught how to refuel the commercial airplanes that land at old Bomber Three

NEW HEBRIDES (cont.)

and rusted tanks mark the site of the Second Marine Aircraft Wing camp. The Coin Hill airfields are hardly recognizable under the coverage of jungle; trees grow 20 feet high between slabs of steel matting. The skeleton of an F4U fighter plane showing at low tide on an off-shore reef reminds one that this once was an important Marine air base.

There is nothing now at Havanna Harbor, a deep-water naval port during the war.

Efate was headquarters for that unusual air transport command known as SCAT (South Pacific Combat Air Transport) which ferried troops and supplies up and down the line. SCAT flew the equivalent of 340 times around the earth, and in the first six months of operations carried nearly 250,000 troops.

From the air over Bauer Field, one

sees a sight that still makes the blood tingle. It's the overgrown tracks of the exclusive ambulance road over which Marine and Navy wounded were shuttled from planes to the Bellevue Naval Hospital for immediate medical and surgical aid. The road was closed to other vehicles to insure priority for the wounded. Only the hospital's concrete foundations are left. All other parts have been removed.

While copra continues to be Efate's biggest economic crop, a 5000-acre manganese field has been discovered along the east coast. A plant is being constructed which expects to "strip" approximately 65,000 tons of manganese annually for the next 25 years for shipment to the U. S., Japan and Australia.

Deep sea fishing also is expanding. About 100 miles northwest of Efate,

one hour, 15 minutes by T.A.I. plane, lies Espiritu Santo where the war's heritage is more pronounced. Santo provided the closest airfields to Guadalcanal and it was an important staging and re-forming area for ground troops. Eventually it held the Navy's largest supply depot in the South Pacific—a \$36 million investment.

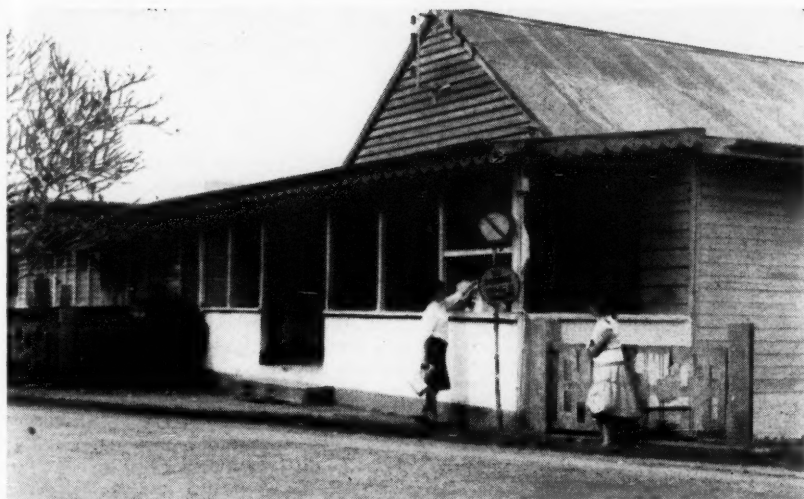
Postwar Santo has grown up literally in and around this Navy supply depot, which will be remembered as continuous rows of more than 230 large Quonset warehouses, four to six abreast, extending two miles along Segond channel



A cow, "wandering around during a blackout," was killed by a Nip bomber on Espiritu Santo in 1943



Bill Duff, a New Zealand engineer, investigated a beer sign left by a Seabee unit alongside Pier 2



The Rossi hotel, once a key landmark and recreation spot in Vila, has been turned into a native bar. A newer hotel replaced the Rossi

from Pier 1 to a point beyond the Sarakata River. Some buildings still bear such well-known signs as 'Store-keeper in Warehouse' and 'Closed for Inventory.'

Many of these Quonsets, standing on their original bases, have been converted to homes, stores, theaters, machine shops, hotels, restaurants and bakeries. The "old" Santo known to wartime Marines, centering around St. Michel's church and the French hospital, five miles southwest on the channel, is almost deserted.

The rows of piers the Navy built along Segond channel have rotted away, but between what used to be Piers 1 and 2, the condominium government has built a new wharf and custom shed

for seagoing vessels. The site of Pier 4 is occupied by the Santo Tennis Club, and the old PT base is quarters for the condominium police and public works departments.

One is sorrowed to learn that such wartime characters as Tom Harris, who ran the Burns Philp store, and Freddie LaBorde, central figure in James Michener's "Tales of the South Pacific," have died within the last few years. LaBorde owned the coconut plantation beyond MAG-11's camp at Turtle Bay.

As elsewhere in these South Pacific islands, only concrete blocks or an occasional Quonset skeleton mark such once-prominent landmarks as the First Marine Aircraft Wing headquarters on the hillside overlooking the channel,

the MAG-11 camp at Turtle Bay, the photographic squadron's hut site in mid-island, the IV Island Command, and numerous Navy and Army hospitals. Prosperous copra plantations again spread across these military sites.

It takes only a little imagination to "see" the Raider Battalion bivouacked on the left bank of the Renee River when it returned from Guadalcanal fighting. The Raiders' campsite is known locally as "Roosevelt's place" because Major James Roosevelt, son of the wartime President, and now a California congressman, was in the outfit.

Santo residents have become "treasure happy" looking for surplus war material. Nearly everyone has his own idea of where there are extensive dumps that would yield small fortunes if only they could get at them. The jungle has all but obliterated any trace of the dumps.

"An American Marine has just arrived in town," the word spread. "Does he know where the dumps are?"

Two men guard what they believe is a "secret and confidential" map that will lead them to these "treasures" eventually. A first-hand examination indicates it is not even an accurate road map. . . .

Another person has constructed a home-made mine detector with which he scouts for buried metals. The most he has recovered is an old galley stove. . . .

But hope springs eternal, and search for "treasure" goes on.

A few hundred yards west of Million Dollar Point, the S.S. *President Coolidge* lies on her side, the bow in 60 feet of water and the stern 220 feet under, where she sank after hitting mines October 26, 1942. Skin-divers

TURN PAGE



Wallis Islanders occupy converted Dallas huts in the middle of the old Turtle Bay fighter strip area



Japanese fishermen, at the Palikula Point fishery, unloaded tuna for freezing before it was exported

NEW HEBRIDES (cont.)



The ground underneath an old Quonset hut, alongside MAG-11 fighter strip, was excavated to make room for a copra-drying smokehouse

have retrieved the ship's bell, a brass-bound porthole and trombone. One diver, who swam along a companionway to the staterooms, said he found shaving soap, shoes and seabags just as the Army troops had abandoned them when the *Coolidge* shook under the first of two mines between Abokissah and Aore islands at the entrance to Second channel.

The *Coolidge* made her way to Espiritu Santo's shore, but lodged on a reef and immediately slid off into deep water. An Army captain was the sole casualty.

The fact that Navy divers cut a barn door-size hole in the *Coolidge's* side has raised speculation among Santo's "treasure hunters" that the Navy was looking for (1) a \$1,000,000 payroll, (2) valuable medical supplies, including quinine, or (3) mail.

Several efforts to salvage the ship have died a-borning. Latest was a Japanese scheme to cut it into small pieces and sell it for scrap.

Santo's newest industry is a Japanese-operated tuna fishery at Palikula Point, not far from the former Bomber One airstrip. The fishery last year shipped 3600 tons of frozen tuna to U. S. markets and about 100 tons to Japan.

The T.A.I. plane from Vila lands passengers at Bomber Three, now known on airway maps as Luganville. The



"Place belong photo," uses pidgin English to denote Quonset hut used by the natives for a camera shop



Plantation natives live in the old Quonset huts once used by sailors at Second channel seaplane base

7300-foot runway has its original World War II blacktop surfacing. Its shoulders are about to be widened 150 feet on each side so it can be used as an alternate for Tontouta International Airport in New Caledonia.

Bomber Two has become overgrown with grass, but otherwise looks almost the same as in earlier years. Its steel matting has been sold for salvage. Bomber One, nearest Palikula Bay, has succumbed entirely to the jungle.

MAG-11 pilots and crews would be surprised today to see eight Wallis Island native families living in weathered Dallas huts right in the middle of their Turtle Bay fighter strip. Several of the Wallisians said they knew Marines on Wallis during the war.

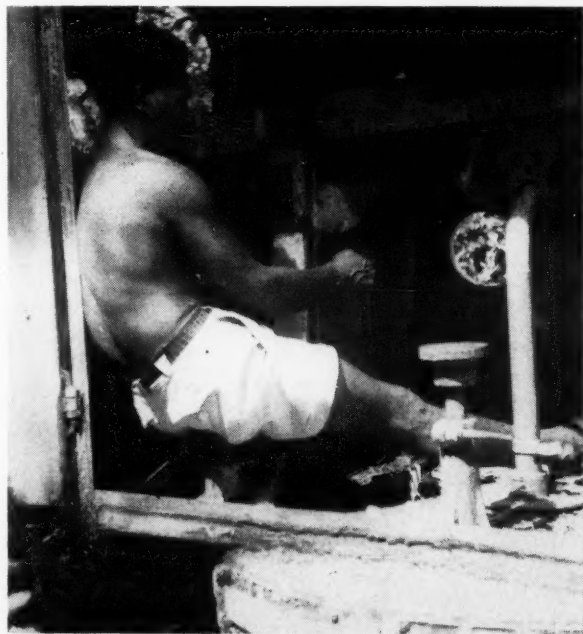
The government has kept open three main roads built by U. S. engineers. One is the coastal road from the Renee River through "old" and "new" Santo and around to Turtle Bay. Another crosses the hill from Pier 2 to Surenda Bay and the third connects with Luganville Airport.

Ray Jenkins is the only U. S. serviceman who has returned to the New Hebrides to live. He owns a radio repair shop in Santo and operates the movie projector in one of the town's two cinemas. He likes the friendly people, leisurely life and tropical weather.

The things that have made Jenkins choose the New Hebrides over his native Los Angeles are the same things which endear it to today's traveler re-exploring the South Pacific islands of World War II. **END**



A French school at "old" Santo is still a familiar landmark. Sister Marie Francois Regis (center) was well known by many Marines



Pango native tried to rotate hand crank on gutted ruins of 4th Base Defense Battalion's range finder



Natives worked on a new water supply system on a road by the Nurses' home and 1stMAW offices



THE MASH IS AIR

**El Toro class whips hot air problem;
liquify the oxygen and feed it to jets**

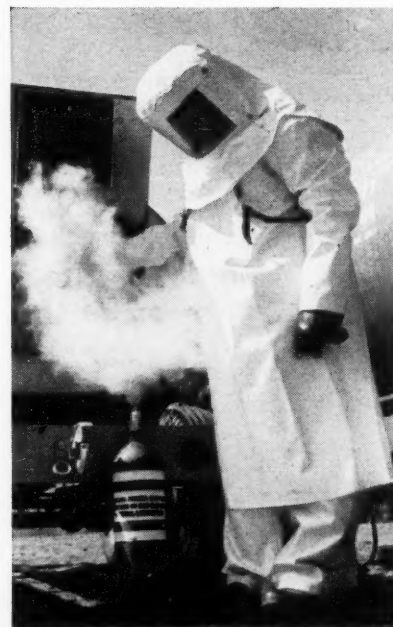
by AMSgt Robert E. Johnson
Photos by AGySgt Charles B. Tyler

EARLY this year, a liquid oxygen school began operation at the Marine Corps Air Station, El Toro. It's the only credited Marine Corps school of its type and has been nicknamed "heart of the Air Wing."

Since its beginning, three classes of about 15 men each have graduated—all individuals having the proper knowledge to run the Corps' liquid oxygen-nitrogen plant. At El Toro, it's a field piece of equipment set up under field conditions. Class objectives: To teach and train the students to the level of proficiency necessary to satisfactory discharge the duties of an HT-1 Plant operator.

On our first meeting, we were impressed with the instructors' vitality, and combination of self-confidence and good humor. AMSgt Charles Hemphill, NCOIC, proudly pointed out the plant, storage area, classroom, safety signs and barbed wire enclosure. He, and the other NCOs, AGySgt Jack D. Morrill, ASSgts Paul C. Cameron and Thomas D. Smith had to be asked from time to time to speak in a language we understood. Having had only a smattering of chemistry, physics and math in long-forgotten school days, "cribbing the facts" turned out to be a near nightmare.

We understood that air is made up of certain gases, namely oxygen, nitrogen, carbon dioxide and the rarer gases. What threw us a curve was the men-



ASgt Davis hides in burn-proof gear to fill 50-gallon test bottle

tion that air could be liquified by first lowering the temperature, and then it could be returned to a gaseous state again by raising the temperature. They called this distillation process "heating," even though the temperature was a few hundred degrees colder than zero.

"The gases in the air being mechanically mixed and not chemically compounded can be separated by taking advantage of their different boiling points when liquified," ASSgt Smith said. "Nitrogen evaporates first, leaving the mixture richer and richer in oxygen as evaporation progresses."

"Oh," we answered, "like boiling alcohol and water—the alcohol boils off first."

"One difference," AMSgt Hemphill said, "is that air is cooled to a liquid state; then it's distilled. Liquid oxygen is a pale blue fluid which flows like water that boils at -297 degrees F. By heating—raising the temperature—it changes to a gas."

"Why all this fuss to produce oxygen from the smog-filled air about us when all that is needed is a giant vacuum cleaner to capture the invisible stuff?" we asked.

"Liquid oxygen is used on all high-performance planes to provide a lightweight source of oxygen for pilot breathing," AGySgt Morrill replied. "Compressed air wouldn't do the job. In fact, our jets couldn't even take off or operate at low altitude without it."

The first use of liquid oxygen in the

Marine Corps occurred at Bougainville during World War II. A liquid oxygen container, six feet long and three and one-half feet in diameter, was air-lifted to the island. It charged 75 cylinders on the spot and was a result of newly developed liquid oxygen plants to supply compressed gas to South Pacific bases.

The Oxygen-Nitrogen Generating and Charging Plant (Model HT-1) is operated under actual field conditions at El Toro. It's located at the south end of the runway and is surrounded by barbed wire. "No Smoking" signs are everywhere. "When you mix a substance which is not normally combustible with liquid oxygen, it becomes explosive," AGySgt Morrill said. "During a recent experiment with five gallons of liquid oxygen and jet fuel, we really had a loud bang. So large was the explosion, it halted us from experimenting further with larger volume mixtures."

Five other plants are in operation by the Marine Corps at Iwakuni and Atsugi, Japan, at Kaneohe Bay, Cherry Point and Beaufort. Six more are in the process of being erected and should be ready for active operation early this year. The components are made by Air Products Company, Wilkes Barre, Pa. El Toro received its unit in December, 1958.

The plants are designed to operate in remote areas and are air transportable. Through experience learned in

World War II and Korea, it has proved that it is much cheaper to have the plants on the spot, rather than ship liquid oxygen in bulky containers over long distances.

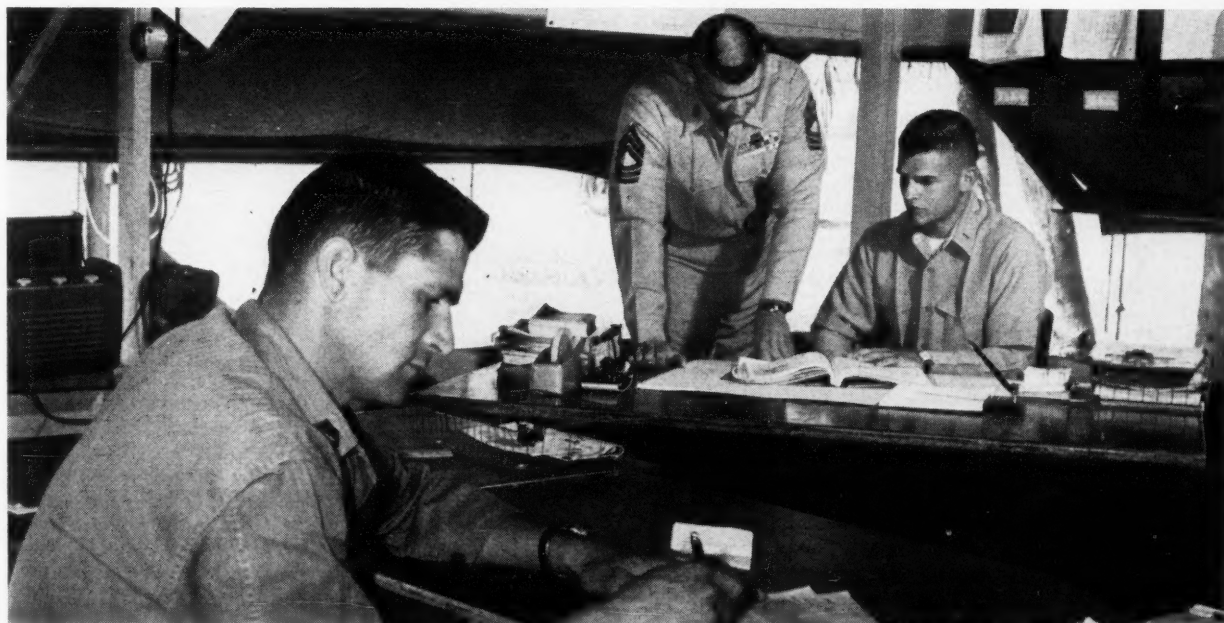
The primary mission of the Third MAW Liquid Oxygen Unit is to evaluate and plan means to produce oxygen of 99.5 percent or better purity. In charge is Second Lieutenant Lawrence C. Hoffman, who graduated from the University of Colorado with a BS in mechanical engineering. "He's a natural to have around when confronted with a theory problem," AMSgt Hemphill said. "He really knows his business."

"Our oxygen producing plant has been modified repeatedly and in its present state is a knock-down, lightweight shelter, well ventilated to prevent possible explosive concentrations of gaseous oxygen and hydro-carbons," Lt Hoffman said. "For our school, an appropriate library of technical material was recently established."

The ideal student is one with a background in engines, refrigeration or electricity. Each class is broken down into three groups, who work and study in eight-hour shifts, 24 hours a day, during a five-day work week. Two instructors are assigned to each group. During a total of 320 hours of instruction, 80 hours are spent in classrooms. The remaining hours provide experience in actually running the plant and producing liquid oxygen.

Each instructor is a graduate of the

TURN PAGE



AGySgt J. D. Morrill, AMSgt Charles Hemphill and 2dLt Lawrence Hoffman planned the school's

timetable. Operating three shifts 'round the clock, a class of oxygen-makers graduates in eight weeks

THE MASH IS AIR (cont.)

school. Several had attended the factory course at Wilkes Barre also. In addition to the three previously mentioned SNCOs, the instructors include ASgts Grover C. Davis, Wesley L. Smith, PFCs Joseph C. Alvey, Manley R. Wood, Gordon E. Mullen David M. Franklin and Robert C. Peters.

"The classes are divided into three working groups for closer supervision," AMSgt Hemphill said. "It's a lot easier to give personalized instruction to four men, than to a group of 15."

All the instructors and the officer in charge are members of Marine Air Base Squadron-37, Marine Wing Service Group-37, Third Marine Aircraft Wing. The students are all locally stationed; assignments to the school are not made from outside commands. To be eligible, a Marine must have 18 months obligated service, have a GCT of at least 105, MA and PA scores of above 110

and hold an MOS in the 1300, 1341, 1100, 1141 or 1161 Occupational Fields. The length of the course is eight weeks.

Most of the common matter that we know is heavy with oxygen, Lt Hoffman told us. "Water contains, by weight, maybe about 89 percent oxygen. Clay, sand, limestone, and granite contain about 50 percent. One-fifth by volume of the air is oxygen. This is the only occurrence of free oxygen; elsewhere it is found in compounds.

"We could extract usable liquid oxygen from compounds, but the cost would be too great," he added. "Manufacturing liquid oxygen from the air is the cheapest and most practical for our use."

The actual separation of oxygen and nitrogen is accomplished in a distillation column. The liquified air is passed into the distillation column or tower. The oxygen drips to the bottom and is drawn off as a liquid. The nitrogen boils off as an extremely cold gas and

is recycled in the process to help cool more incoming air. This process is called the Claude System.

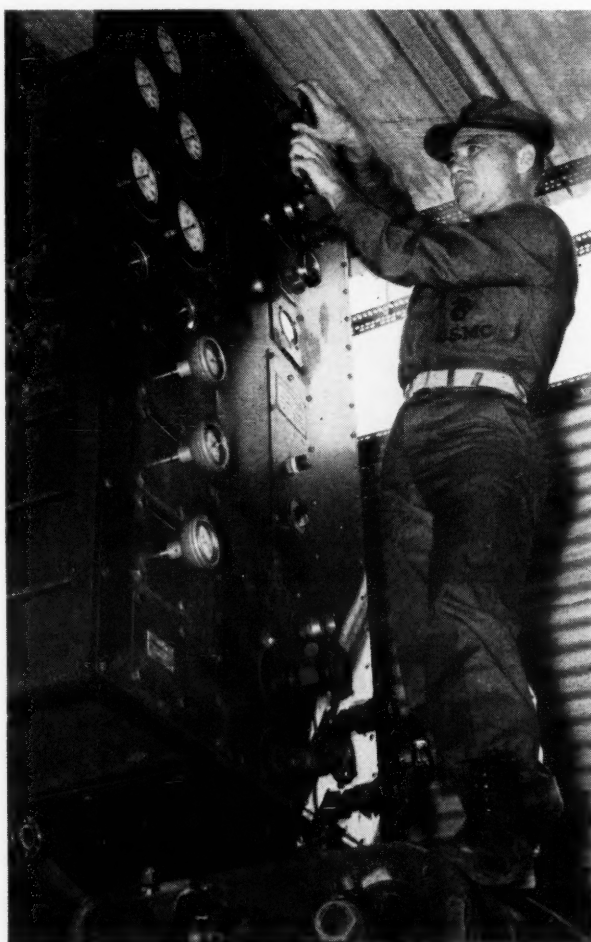
Oxygen is also prepared on a commercial scale by the electrolysis of water. (Passing a current of electricity through water and collecting the gases liberated.). This method is expensive, but the demand for hydrogen, which is also produced during electrolysis, makes it worthwhile.

For centuries after man began to seriously speculate on the composition of matter, the air remained a deep mystery. It was known to be the supporter of fire, necessary for respiration and life; beyond these elementary facts, little was known. Rutherford, in 1772, identified nitrogen in the air. In the same year, Priestley began his research in different kinds of air. Two years later, he produced "dephlogistad air" (oxygen) by heating mercuric oxide.

From that period on, the mystery of the air slowly unfolded, but it was not



Oxygen gas bottles, serving doubly for hospital or aircraft use, were topped by AGySgt J. Morrill



Students must understand each valve and gauge of this machine. ASgt Grover C. Davis demonstrated



F9F-8T craft gets a swallow of liquid oxygen. A single "charge" is enough for two normal flights.

Mist beneath the plane is vaporized liquid oxygen overflow which is so cold it can "burn" a person

until 1884 when Wroblewski and Olszewski liquified air, that the key was found that unlocked the atmospheric storehouse, revealed the presence of gaseous elements hardly dreamed of before and made possible the production of commercially pure oxygen in volume at comparatively low costs for welding, cutting and other industrial uses.

Oxygen is a colorless, odorless gas which does not, itself, burn, but which supports the combustion of other materials by compounding itself with them when they burn. Even steel will burn in pure oxygen. In missiles and rockets of various types, oxygen is used to burn the propellant fuel. Large amounts of liquid oxygen are also required for missile testing and launching. It can and has been used as an extremely efficient oxidizer in explosive tests with cottons and hydrocarbons at the E.O.D. range, MCAS, El Toro. It has been demonstrated that oily rags in the proximity of liquid oxygen will, with a mere spark, explode.

Because of its explosive tendencies when combined with unrelated matter, students and instructors alike wear protective equipment when working with liquid oxygen and liquid air. They wear hoods, gloves and aprons when handling these liquids in containers or when drawing them from valves. Aside from its explosive capabilities, serious burns can result from contact with the liquid.

When operating, the El Toro plant



1stLt Ronald E. Foote computed his oxygen mask with the aid of plane captain, ACpl E. Williams

can produce about eight gallons of liquid oxygen each hour; it averages a 500-gallon trailer supply every four days. Storage, however, presents a problem. Every 24 hours, a container loses about one percent in volume.

The storage tanks, in 50-, 150- and 500-gallon sizes, are likened to giant thermos bottles. They are heat proof or vacuum insulated containers to the atmosphere. Oxygen in liquid form is less dangerous than oxygen stored as a high pressure gas.

A single 50-gallon tank can "charge" from 15 to 20 aircraft. "Our jets are normally charged with liquid oxygen every second flight," AMSgt William C. St. Clair, Flight Equipment NCO, said.

So new is the liquid oxygen equipment and school that there is, at this writing, no MOS structure for qualified operators and graduating students. There are less than 50 men in the Corps who can operate the HT-1 Plant. The same applies to a T/O for everyday operation—it, too, is under study at HQMC presently.

Only a limited quantity of locally produced liquid oxygen is used by the Wing at El Toro. The bulk is purchased from outside sources. However, due to the unavailability of commercial liquid oxygen in combat zones and the possibility of domestic source destruction in an all-out war, a well-trained staff is on guard against any eventuality. To this end, the Third MAW Liquid Oxygen Unit and School is dedicated.

END

FROM OUR READERS

"Commence Firing!"—With Coal

by Bernard Lemon

THERE are plenty of Marines around who remember occasions when it was necessary to shake the sand, serpents, scorpions and various animate and inanimate objects from their bedding before or after a night's "rest," but there are mighty few present who may remember the days when they might have shaken the soot, cinders or vagrant sparks from their "chafing gear" during or after a night under the tropic stars aboard a battle wagon in the days of the coal burners.

In the era of the scoop shovel, slice bar and clinker hoe, which were highly important things that helped make the ship go, there were few individuals among us who didn't make a first-hand acquaintance with "black diamonds" by the ton, through the process of meeting them face to face—and don't think the Marines didn't get their share of blisters shaking hands with coal shovels.

In the days of the old "50 and 5," the authorized Naval manpower was 50,000 plus 5000 in the Marine Corps; the call "All Hands!" meant just that, and included the "Landsmen, Bandsmen and Marines." Now don't write the editor just yet! Before the establishment of an Electrician's rate, men were enlisted as "Landsman for Electrician;" even the "Lamplighter" had his place in the scheme of things in those days.

Spending the Summer months cruising the waters off the Virginia Capes, with stopovers for sampling such sights and delights as provided by the waters of Hampton Roads and the city of Norfolk of that day and age, the fleet generally wound up the season's exercises in the waters of Narragansett Bay and the rendezvous of the elite, that relatively small town of Newport, R.I., a town whose accommodations were sorely taxed by the presence of some thousands of bluejackets and hundreds of Marines. Even the city park provided cramped and limited space for those who preferred to spend the night on a copy of the evening paper.

At this stage of the maneuvers, the coal bunkers could be counted on to need replenishment and

preparations were made accordingly. The day before the collier was due to steam alongside was spent in getting ready to man-handle some 1200 to 1400 tons of coal in the shortest possible time. These preparations called all hands and every department of the ship into action. The deck divisions closed and dogged down all the main deck hatches in the vicinity of the bunker openings and such other hatches as stood in the way of the coming wheelbarrow parade; over these hatches the carpenters gang installed wooden ramps and bridges. The Gunners Mates put on the gun covers and closed the gun ports in the gun deck.

The turret crews put on the muzzle bags and spray hoods, elevated the guns of the lower turrets and trained the overhang to provide a clear gangway 'thwartships. The fireroom gang rigged the coal chutes from the upper bunkers to the top side. The bandsmen selected their more threadbare uniforms and placed their chairs atop the fidley, between the stacks, in preparation for their coal dust serenade on the morrow. The ship's cooks gleefully tossed aside their sweat rags, cleared the range and looked forward to serving tomorrow's meals in the form of sandwiches and coffee.

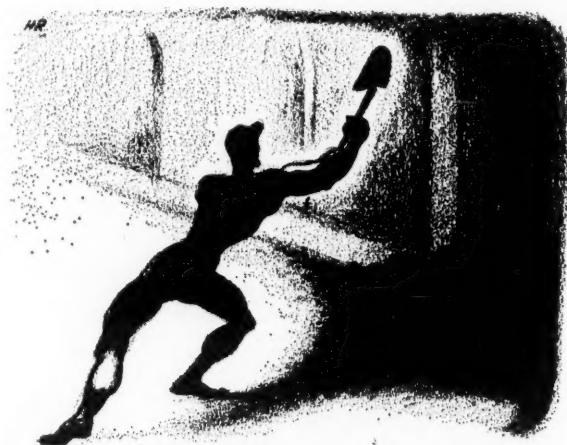
The yeomen sadly cleared the tops of their desks, covered their typewriters, locked up the liberty cards and sank into their chairs, conserving their strength for the arduous duties to come. The boat divisions lowered all boats, the crews making their craft fast at the quarter booms, congratulated themselves on their assignment and managed to stow a few buckets of fresh water in their boats against tomorrow's emergency.

Such folk as regular in-port watch-standers now vied with each other in volunteering to stand an all-day watch as quartermaster, messenger, bugler etc. The Marines sealed their lockers with newspaper or bath towels; rolled mattress, blankets and cot, enclosing the whole in last week's mattress cover, planning to surreptitiously stow this gear in the nearest hammock netting, under hammocks if

possible. They also unfurled such remnants of khaki as may have survived Haiti, Vera Cruz and such incidental expeditions, for tomorrow's working apparel. Even the captain's orderly and the "slop chute" sentry were out of luck; the brig sentry was more fortunate, as were the inmates thereof.

The sailmaker and his "striker" got ready for the usual upheaval incidental to the coming "shifting" of bags and hammocks. The usual number of "politicians" and those with a "drag," who might have access to below deck storerooms or cleaning-gear lockers where coal dust would not likely penetrate, shifted their equipment thereto and, if possible, managed to stash away a bucket or two of fresh water, which would be at a premium any time tomorrow.

Having been notified that the collier would make a port-side landing, the deck force prepared by breaking out and getting over the side all the fenders in sight; taking down the awnings, ridge-ropes, lifelines and stanchions on that side. The port gangways were taken in and the lower boom



topped up. Having gone through all these preparations, and then some, everything was all set for tomorrow's "drill;" that's what the BJM called it in those days.

After a reveille that cleared even the "six bell" sleepers from the gun and berth deck, a quick shift into such "coaling gear" or "sliders" as one might have on hand, and a breakfast obstructed by coal chutes and generally interrupted by the word "stand by to receive the collier," things began to move on the run; master-at-arms, boatswain's mate and corporal of the guard cleared the lower decks in short order.

As the collier came alongside, those wise to this sort of thing craned their necks in the direction of its open hatches and its draft marks in an estimate of the amount of cargo aboard. A vessel unlucky enough to receive its coal supply from a near empty collier would send a "working party" aboard the collier to "sweep the hold," or shovel the coal from

the outer reaches of the holds toward the center line, within reach of the hoisting bucket; and this was no picnic. Full holds were a welcome sight.

In addition to its cargo, the collier also carried an abundant number of shovels and wheelbarrows, to be loaned temporarily to the ship being coaled. The collier being made fast alongside, the transfer of these implements was effected and portioned out to those specified to wield or pilot them. Just who should have which was not left to chance, by any means. Certain divisions were detailed to wield the scoops, others to provide the motive power for the wheelbarrows; they alternated at these implements from coaling to coaling; the preferred position being at the helm of a barrow. These minor details being settled, those so equipped stood expectantly, shovels poised; the barrow jockeys between the shafts of their center line vehicles; the winchmen at their posts aboard the collier, all awaited the bugle to sound "Commence Firing."

At the first blast of the horn, the clam-shell buckets rose, freighted with coal, swung outboard and over, to dump their load of fuel on spotlessly holystoned decks.

Those armed with shovels attacked the pile; each barrow passing without a pause, received such coal tossed in its direction by the shovelers, passed over hatches, under elevated guns and around turrets to the bunker hatches on the starboard side, dumping the load therein; this endless chain continued in motion until the noon pause for sandwiches and coffee, sustained meanwhile by real ice water carried around the decks by the mess cooks, and an occasional cigarette rolled "on the fly."

Now, some 800 or 900 men can stow a lot of coal in a few hours and by four bells or thereabouts, the bugle sounded "Cease Firing." The handsmen gave a final blast to clear their instruments of accumulated coal dust, folded their chairs and dove for their compartment; the collier secured its winches, received its shovels and wheelbarrows and cast off. The deck force set up the port stanchions and life lines, lowered the boom and rigged out the gangway. The first act was over; now came the second—of the "knock off and carry pig iron" variety.

There was a whole ship to be made "shipshape" all over again, mostly the same day. There were such chores as washing the ship down from the truck atop the cage mast to the boot-topping at the water line, inside and out, accompanied by the grind of holystones and the swish of sand and deck scrubbers; the breaking out and rigging the gantlines for the shifting and scrubbing of bags and hammocks, to wind up in a grand finale of painting ship, shellacking the gun deck and the news that the ship is headed for the Navy Yard for the "holidays"—knowing that en route, the bunkers will be emptying themselves through the firerooms, in the form of soot and cinders via the stacks and ashes and clinkers through the ash chute.

There's a lot of difference—and years—between a coal collier, shovels and wheelbarrows, and close order "drill" in a cloud of coal dust, and an oil tanker with its hose connected to the fuel intake.

END



Relatively flat and heavily wooded, the island provided 300 acres of ideal training area

TOLEDO RESERVISTS

FORMER Marines who had participated in the island-hopping campaigns of World War II and the Inchon landing in the Korean Conflict probably felt a chill creeping up their backs last September if they happened to read an Ohio newspaper which proclaimed, "Marines To Invade Johnson's."

This stark message, which appeared in the *Sandusky Register* brought to mind the headlines of two wars and a similarly named island some 800 miles southwest of Honolulu, Hawaii.

But the readers soon learned that the island in question was just five miles from Sandusky, Ohio's, waterfront and

not some half-forgotten Pacific atoll. And the Marines who were making the landing on Johnson's Island were members of the 8th Infantry Battalion, US-MCR, from nearby Toledo.

In the spirit of unification, air, land and sea units of the Naval Reserve and Ohio Air National Guard joined forces with the Marine Corps Reserve for the combined Air-Ground-Amphibious assault.

The island on which "Operation Ready Reserve" was to take place is roughly pear-shaped with the "stem" pointing to the northeast. It is relatively flat and thickly wooded throughout most of its 300 acres. A stone

quarry near the southern end of the island forms its most prominent feature.

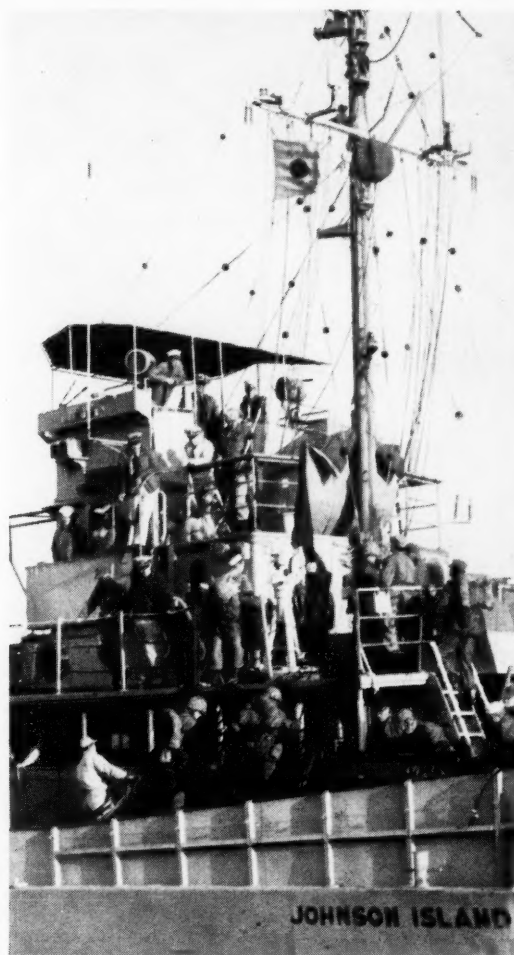
Nearly a hundred years ago, Johnson's Island achieved a degree of fame (or infamy) as a prisoner of war camp for Confederate soldiers during the Civil War. All but 206 of the more than 10,000 POWs, mostly officers, were repatriated by 1865.

On the northeastern tip of the island are the 206 who remained behind—interred in a Confederate Cemetery.

In the 94 years since the prisoners left, more peaceful pursuits have returned. Cattle graze on its open fields and most of the noise heard on John-



Reservists boarded the *USS Turkey* at Sandusky Bay, Ohio, en route to Johnson's Island for training



Simulating actual operations, Reservists transferred to an LCM for their landing

Many long-forgotten memories about WWII were revived as newspapers carried stories of "Johnson's Island"

Official
USMC Photos

son's now is caused by bulldozers clearing land for houses.

From a year-round prisoner of war camp, Johnson's Island has progressed to a colony of Summer cottages. The only reminder of its morbid past is the neatly kept cemetery.

But, on the weekend of September 19-20, the roar of the construction equipment was replaced by the whine of diving aircraft.

The theme of the exercise, planned and coordinated by Major Alfred I. Thomas, Toledo's Inspector-Instructor, took a leaf from the island's stormy past. While the 8th Infantry Battalion's primary mission was to destroy

aggressor forces in the area of Sandusky Bay, it had a secondary mission of repatriating "Allied" prisoners of war who were working in the island's quarry.

Preliminary intelligence had determined that the "enemy" forces (played to the hilt by Cleveland's 11th Infantry Battalion, USMCR, commanded by Major Richard H. Buffington, USMCR) consisted of one reinforced battalion of nearly 1500 men, reinforced by air. They were well-trained, ably commanded, combat experienced troops armed primarily with rifles and supported by machine guns, rockets and mortars. The "enemy" was reported to

be extremely adept at small scale night attacks.

With H-Hour set for 0800 on September 20, pre-invasion air strikes were begun by AD5Ns of VMA-231 from MARTD, Gross Ile, Mich., and F-84F jets from the 112th Fighter-Interceptor squadron based at Toledo's Express Airport. The Marine Skyraiders and Air National Guard Thunderstreaks remained on station throughout the operation, conducting call missions and low-level strikes against targets of opportunity. Two Navy helicopters from HU-731 Helicopter Squadron from Grosse Ile, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Walter Straight, USN,

TURN PAGE



Assault forces had little time to properly establish key positions for counterattacks. After the initial

landing was made, it took only three and one-half hours to seize the island and its dug-in aggressors

TOLEDO RESERVISTS (cont.)

were on hand to fly emergency evacuation and observation missions. The Sandusky Bay area was restricted to civilian aircraft when the military squadrons came in at water level and simulated bombing and strafing runs in support of the ground attack.

The 8th Infantry Battalion Reservists had embarked from Toledo the previous day aboard the *USS Turkey*, a converted WWII minesweeper commanded by Lieutenant Commander John H. Allen, USNR.

At dusk on Saturday, they transferred offshore to the *Johnson Island*, an LCM owned by Buckeye Boat Lines, to be transported to the island. Because of the shallow waters off the island it was not considered feasible to make an actual assault on the beaches.

The Reservists conducted patrol activity during the night and slept in shelter halves.

At 0800, the 8th Battalion began the assault from Red Beach. Alpha Company, of Fremont, Ohio, hit the "enemy" from Red-1 and Bravo Company began theirs from Red-2. Weapons Company set up on Red-1 on the extreme northeast end of the island and Charlie Company was held at battalion reserve. When the assault companies jumped off, they ran into simulated anti-personnel mines, two pill-boxes and dug-in tanks before they could get to Objective "A"—500 yards to the southwest.

The attack by fire and maneuver was met at Objective "A" by concertina wire and anti-tank mines as well as 75-mm. weapons. After securing Objective "A", the companies moved on to Objective "B", immediately north of the rock quarry.

The final objective, the POW camp, was south of "B", between the rock quarry and the southernmost end of the island.

At Objective "B" the assault was slowed by strong fire from .30- and .50-caliber weapons and 3.5 rocket launchers. After overrunning their objective, the last strong resistance, the Reservists surrounded the "POW camp" and liberated the prisoners.

By 1130, after three and a half hours of fighting through heavy underbrush and swarms of mosquitoes, the operation was declared secured and a



Aggressor units, played by the 11th Infantry Bn., Cleveland, welcomed the landing forces with pill boxes, dug-in tanks, and concertina wire

critique was conducted. Following this, church services were held by the Cleveland Reserve Unit's chaplain and the battalions then re-embarked aboard the *Turkey* for the trip back to Toledo.

The more than 500 Reservists who participated in the problem got a preview of what may prove to be an invaluable piece of new equipment—a completely revamped "Mechanical Mule." Willys Motors, Inc., of Toledo, welcomed the opportunity to test their all-new Mule under simulated battle conditions. The experimental model is almost twice the size—but only half the weight—of its predecessor. Its all-aluminum construction accounts for the difference.

Officials of the firm watched ASSgt William Ables take the Mule up hills with a 65-degree slope, and haul up to 15 men. The new vehicle has six seats, four of which fold into a deck to provide a flat bed. It has a aluminum engine with more than 100 horsepower and can reach speeds of at least 60 mph. It also converts into an ambulance, which can carry six stretchers at once.

Members of the Marine Corps Reserve Volunteer Training Unit 4-36 (G) from Toledo, commanded by Brigadier General Walter A. Churchill, and VTU 4-2 (G) from Cleveland, acted as umpires for the operation.

Lieutenant Colonel Robert M. Port and Majors Morris D. Cooke and Clifford H. West, Jr., from HQMC, represented the Director of Marine Corps Reserve, as observers during the problem. **END**



Weapons Company, 8th Bn., was landed on the evening preceding the assault. Shallow water made it impractical to conduct actual assaults



AGySgt Thomas F. Lawicki, Sgt Richard F. Malain, Sgt Thomas L. Ralph and AMSgt Bert F. Kaiser, ate heated "C" rations for supper



The 206 Confederate POWs, who remained behind, rested on the northeastern tip of Johnson's Island.

Two Reservists visited the National Cemetery to pay their respects to interred Civil War soldiers

★ ★ ★ ★

IF I WERE COMMANDANT

Checks for \$25.00 have been mailed to the writers of the letters which appear on these pages. Leatherneck will continue to print—and pay for—ideas expressed by readers who have sincere constructive suggestions for a better Corps. If you were Commandant, what would you do? Your answer may bring you a check. Write your suggestions in the form of a double-spaced typewritten letter of not more than 300 words, and mail to Leatherneck, P. O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. Be sure to include your name, rank, and service number. Letters cannot be acknowledged or returned.

Dear Sir:

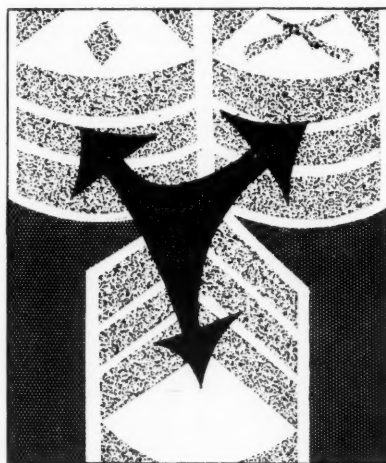
If I were Commandant, I would make the following change. I would abolish the present system which requires Acting Master Sergeants to make formal application for promotion to First Sergeant and/or Master Sergeant.

In addition to a decrease in the present administrative burden in the Marine Corps, I believe there are many other advantages to be gained by abolishing the formal application. In many cases an individual is en route to a new duty station at the time he should make application or he has just arrived at a new duty station. In the latter case, his reporting officer may feel, and rightfully so, that he has observed the individual for too short a period to make a favorable recommendation or, for that matter, any type recommendation.

Based on the foregoing, I believe that this may sometimes be detrimental to the individual's chance of selection for that promotion period. Inasmuch as the promotion board has available the individual's entire record of military service based upon many reporting officers' fitness report markings, it is considered that this would be of sufficient use in making selections to fill vacancies in both ranks in lieu of an individual having to "request" consideration for promotion.

I should think that all Acting Master Sergeants must be vitally interested in being promoted to either First Sergeant or Master Sergeant. If not, then it appears that all initiative has been lost by that individual.

This leaves one question, the answer to which must be known by members of the promotion board. To which rank does this individual desire to compete and be considered for? I would solve this problem by revising the Noncommissioned Officer Fitness



Report by adding new Item 10a of Section A as shown below:

When eligible, I desire to be considered for promotion to:

☐ 1stSgt ☐ MSgt ☐ Neither

By virtue of having this revision included in Section A, the reporting officer could better make his recommendation as to the particular channel which the individual has selected for competition. Therefore, six months after implementation of this program, Headquarters Marine Corps would have available a complete listing of all Acting Master Sergeants' desires

for channel of promotion as reflected by their latest fitness report.

AMSgt John B. Harlan
825628

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would direct a re-evaluation of those portions of the MOS Manual as it pertains to MOS 0131 (Stenographer) and MOS 0121 (Legal Clerk), with a view toward combining and redesignating those MOSs.

Within MCO 1221.38, it is stated that there is an internal maldistribution of MOSs 0131 and 0121. It is my belief from personal experience that this situation has come about because the Corps has lost the identification of many stenographers when the person is promoted above the terminal paygrade of that MOS, i.e. (E-5), and is by compulsion reassigned to another OF or MOS.

At the present time, there is no other MOS that identifies a stenographer above paygrade E-5. Consequently, if the Corps is not to entirely lose the skills of a stenographer above paygrade E-5, he is reassigned to MOS 0121 (Legal Clerk), the only closely related MOS, notwithstanding the fact MOS 0121 has no current requirement that a legal clerk *must* be a stenographer.

Inasmuch as stenographers are primarily assigned duties of reporting courts-martial and other hearings in accordance with the MOS Manual, and the fact that a legal clerk is of little value to a legal office if he cannot report a court-martial, it would be to the betterment of the Marine Corps if MOSs 0121 and 0131 were combined into one MOS, and redesignated.

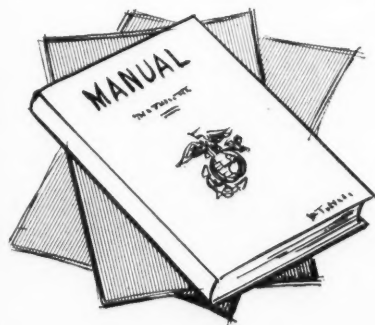
nated MOS 0121 (Legal Stenographer).

AMSgt John F. Depasse, Jr.
566085

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would do this: Direct that all reference to directives, manuals, etc., that are made in directives, manuals, etc., be in general terms. For instance—MCO 1234.5 would show "Ref: (a) MCO 7220.9 series" in the reference section, or body of the order, if that were necessary. The suffix letters A, B, C, etc., would be dropped in all cases, with the possibility, depending on the flexibility of the matter, that the *point* 9 could be eliminated. Likewise, such reference to a manual could be made by referring to "Section F, Chapter 5, — Manual." Only in rare instances would there be a requirement for pinpointing the paragraph in a manual or directive by consecutive number. In the case of short-lived bulletins and, specifically, in letter orders (transfer and TAD) reference would be made down to include the point or paragraph. Special orders would follow the latter procedures.

The correct paper problem makes it inherent that all unnecessary changes in administrative routines be minimized to the fullest possible. The above procedure would, when considered in the light of all the directives issued and all the manuals published within the Marine Corps, reduce many changes brought on by a



minor change to a reference identification. Any cross-reference that any unit now uses, when used concurrently with the many indexes and check lists that are available, would prevent outlandish boobos.

The overall economy and efficiency

of the streamlined reference procedure is apparent.

1stSgt Robert L. Bruce
280332



Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would change the MOS structure in the 0100 field as follows:

Add: 0149 (Administrative Chief E5-7)

My reasons for this are very simple; in the 0300 field a rifleman 0311 graduates to infantry unit leader 0369 upon attainment of pay grade E-5; in the 2500 field a field radio operator 2531 becomes a radio chief 2539 upon attainment of pay grade E-6; in the 3000 field a 3041 supply administrative clerk automatically becomes a 3049 upon attainment of pay grade E-6.

In view of the above, I would make a distinction between my experienced personnel and inexperienced ones. It stands to reason that a gunnery sergeant E-7 0141 would possess more experience and knowledge than a lance corporal E-3 0141, so I would give him an MOS indicative of his rank and experience.

ASgt Frank T. Wharton
1482670

Dear Sir:

All Marines are considered basic riflemen, whether they work as cooks, pay clerks or in the motor pool. In other words, regardless of duty, every Marine is supposed to be trained, conditioned and ready to assume the role of a combat infantryman at all times. As it now stands, the NCOs not actually working in an infantry MOS or related field are not afforded the opportunity of practical application as a small unit leader.

If I were commandant, I would cause the requalification period at the

various post rifle ranges to be increased by one week. I would cause a special training program to be set up to include physical training, fire team tactics, squad and platoon tactics, and field exercises. In short, this extra week would be a complete refresher course in General Military Subjects. In addition, the physical conditioning, plus the stressing of good marksmanship in small unit tactics, would result in better marksmen.

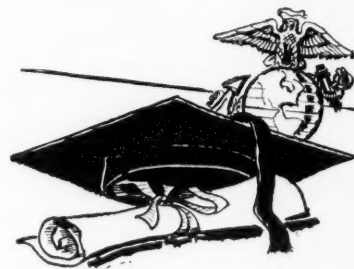
The final result would be better trained NCOs and a solid step toward a better Marine Corps.

ASSgt Jimmy G. Gilmore
603898

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant of the Marine Corps, I would assign the instructors in each Occupational Field an additional MOS, designating them as instructors in their particular fields.

Qualifications for such an MOS would be completion of a recognized Technique of Instruction course and



on-the-job training as an instructor for a sufficient amount of time as to receive the approval for the MOS by the Officer in Charge of the School at which he is currently instructing.

As an example, a Marine who qualifies for the MOS in the Supply field would be assigned a 3099; in Administration, 0199, etc.

This assigning of an additional MOS for instructors in each field would be an aid in assigning personnel to fill billets as instructors, thus keeping qualified instructors on the job which is in the best interest of the Marine Corps.

If I were Commandant, I would further indicate a Marine's primary and additional MOSs, if any, on all transfer orders.

ASSgt Charles E. Langin
1082946
END
65

Mamie Van Doren



SPRINGFIELD

[continued from page 37]

known conditions as the M-1's gas impingement system had proved to be.

The former Marine who now runs a gas station in Wichita will want to know only a few things about this weapon he may never have to carry. What makes it better than the M-1 he carried through two Pacific campaigns? First, it uses a shorter, lighter cartridge. It can be fired from the hip in bursts of five or six rounds in the assault. The magazine has two and a half times the capacity of the M-1's clip and the weapon can be reloaded from the top or bottom. It can be fired semi- or full-automatically. The roller on the bolt is a major improvement. The M-14 is almost a pound lighter than the M-1. The ping of the clip as it left the M-1 could be a fatal giveaway of a man's position; there is no ping on the M-14.

On the lighter side, there is no way of estimating how many ordnance personnel were driven over the hill by servicemen who tried to straighten the vitally necessary bend in the operating rod of the M-1. The M-14's operating rod is straight as an arrow, but, as one armory gunsmith pointed out, "We're looking forward to getting our first rod back that some clown has tried to put a bend in."

The future Marine recruit studying to impress his D.I. or the PFC boning up for his General Military Subjects Test will want to know a lot more. They'll want to know that the M-14 is a gas operated, air cooled, magazine fed, rotating bolt, semiautomatic shoulder

weapon basically similar in construction to the M-1. They'll be curious about the characteristics: Rate of Fire—750 rounds per minute; Maximum Range—3500 yards; Muzzle Velocity—2800 feet per second; Capacity of Feeding Device—20 rounds; Weight—8.7 pounds; With Magazine—10 pounds; Length—44.4 inches.

The weapon was designed to replace the Carbine, the M-1 and the BAR. In its semiautomatic state, it is designed to extract and eject an expended round, chamber a fresh cartridge, and cock without manual aid. A separate squeeze on the trigger is necessary to fire each round. A "selector shaft lock" restricts the weapon to semiautomatic fire. This, incidentally, is the state in which the weapon will be issued to the field. Local commanders will determine whether the lock shall be replaced by the "selector assembly," which, in shipping form, resembles a packet of sugar and gives the weapon its full automatic capability.

Pilot line production of 15,000 M-14s began at the armory in 1957 and, at the same time, contracts were let to Harrington & Richardson of Worcester, Mass., and the Winchester Arms Division of Olin Mathieson Corporation of New Haven.

Private industry owes a debt beyond payment to Springfield Armory. When the contracts were let, Springfield turned over to both H&R and Winchester about 40 pounds of plans as well as the necessary gauges and much of the testing equipment necessary for assuring the quality of completed individual components. Further, the armory stands ready to assist civilian manufacturers in any and all problems that may arise.

Vital though the roles of R&D and Pilot Line manufactory are, there are two less-heralded arms of the armory which are no less important. The Engineering Division furnishes "birth to death" technical data for all small arms within their purview. It is Engineering's responsibility (shared, of course with the Armory Operations Division, which controls the factory) to assure that Springfield's techniques of manufacturing can readily be adapted to mass production.

The Inspection Office, sometimes referred to as the "Dick Tracy Division," has the unenviable chore of inspecting everything from the incoming raw materials to the delivery of the final item. One of the more interesting aspects of evaluating the new rifle is a test which involves 10 weapons selected at random from each lot.

Each weapon is broken down into its 56 components. Each component is put into one of 10 pre-determined piles. There is a chart, highly classified, which shows which component goes in which pile. As an illustration, the "Nut, flash suppressor," of the number one weapon goes into the fourth rifle. Then 10 complete rifles are assembled.

Each component must fit into the new rifle as easily as it came out of its original weapon. No time is spent trying to fit square pegs into round holes. If each component is not easily interchangeable, the responsibility is easily fixed—to the mortification (but not the financial loss) of the man responsible.

At Springfield, too, rifles and pistols which are used by the other services in the National Matches at Camp Perry are worked on. The Marine Corps does its own. Here, gunsmiths with long years of experience like to say, "We don't refine weapons to comply with requirements—we build *National Match* quality into standard weapons."

The primary mission of all the various departments of the armory is the conception and construction of (1) hand arms and accessories, (2) machine guns and accessories, (3) common machine gun mounts, (4) air to air rocket launchers, (5) automatic aircraft weapons and (6) linking-delinking machines. Beyond these, research is continuously going on in the areas of (1) heat and erosion-resistant materials; (2) surface finishing materials and processes; and (3) deterioration, preservation and treatment of non-metallic materials.

The M-14 rifle production is but one of two weapons in which Marines are vitally interested. The M-60 Machine Gun is a story in itself. Next month's *Leatherneck* will carry a story about the machine gun that can, without any strain of the imagination, be classified as a *shoulder weapon*. **END**



Leatherneck Magazine



by W. W. Barr

In order to review all of the albums received this month we find we must knock off the urge to reminisce and get to the first disc:

Jazz

Up The Mississippi—Dukes of Dixieland (Audio Fidelity AFLP 1892). Recorded with a fidelity that puts you right in the middle of the group, the Dukes blow dixieland jazz that's real fine. If you are a dixie fan, put this on the hi-fi, turn up the volume and let it plaster you back in that easy chair while you enjoy some real sound! As it says on the album cover, "You have to hear it to believe it!"

More Blue Mist—Sam (The Man) Taylor (MGM E3783). Taylor plays his way through a baker's dozen of the fine old ballads and a delightful excursion it is, too. "The Man" plays a real fistful of tenor sax and this one won't let go of you until the needle is through the last groove.

The Banjo Kings Go West (Good Time Jazz M12036). Wal, podner, Dick Roberts and Red Roundtree corral a bunch of western tunes and play 'em on banjo with a rhythm accompaniment. We enjoy hearing a banjo helping to drive the rhythm behind a good Dixieland band—so it isn't that we are anti-banjo. But for this instrument to try to hold up the lead for about 35 minutes is just like a feather merchant trying to charge up Suribachi with a BAR—it gets tired pretty quick. This one just isn't for your reviewer, but a real dyed-in-the-wool banjo enthusiast would probably get his enjoys out of it.

Son of Gunn!—Shelly Manne and his Men (Contemporary M3566). Not too many moons ago a roll call of the best sellers among albums always carried *The Music From Peter Gunn* high on the list. Now one of the busiest young men in jazz, Shelly Manne, finds time to record another group of Henry Mancini's gems from the Peter Gunn files. I'm glad he found the time and



you will be, too, when you hear this. It's tops.

Swingin' Round the World—Jonah Jones Quartet (Capitol T 1237, Stereo ST 1237). With a rhythm section that kicks the cadence along like a D.I. on the grinder, Jonah Jones makes a round the world cruise. Ports of call are "Chicago," "Manhattan," "Brazil," "Isle of Capri" and a half dozen others. A Med cruise was never like this! It's Jonah at his best and it jumps!

Classical

On a hunch that there are more than a few readers who like tempestuous high Cs, we recommend the *Angel-Maria Callas-Verdi* album. Most familiar and beautifully done is the *Caro Nome* from Rigoletto. One of our favorites, the floating "Pace, Pace, mio Dio," is also on the disk. (Angel 35759).

Von Weber's overtures have long been popular program pieces. Angel has recorded seven gems. Included are: "Oberon," "Der Freischutz," "Abu Hassan," "Euryanthe," "Preciosa" and the "Beherrscher der Geister." Wolfgang Sawallisch conducts. (Angel 35754).

Popular

Dinah, Yes Indeed—Dinah Shore (Capitol T 1247, Stereo ST 1247). Since Dinah has been logging all those hours on TV, some critics have panned her as "too sweet to be true," etc. Still, those sponsors keep coming back for more—and this album will clue you to the reason. If it isn't a grade "A" number one wowzer I'm tone deaf! Dinah swings where it's needed, sails smooth as silk through the ballads. All this and Nelson Riddle too!

Rapid Fire

Songs for an Evening at Home—Gordon MacRae (Capitol T 1251, Stereo ST 1251). Another album of the old songs, recorded so you can help sing 'em.

The Musical World of Lerner and Loewe—Starlight Symphony conducted by Ornadel (MGM E3781). Show tunes from "My Fair Lady," "Gigi," "Brigadoon" and "Paint Your Wagon"—all beautifully performed for easy listening.

Music for Romancing—(Capitol T 1222) and **Music for Memories** (Capitol T 1223) by Paul Weston. The old master of mood music has re-recorded two of his past best selling albums, this time with a larger orchestra and a few different tunes included. Fine gear all the way through.

The Four Freshmen and Five Guitars—(Capitol T 1255, Stereo ST 1255). The four boys blend their voices with a background of five amplified guitars and it's a real jewel! If you've come to hate guitars because of the rock and roll abuse, get this and hear how tastefully they can be played.

Dixieland Kickoff—Pee Wee Hunt (Capitol T 1265, Stereo ST 1265). Whether your favorite college football song is on this one or not, you'll get your kicks from this fine dixieland romp.

Here We Go Again—Kingston Trio (Capitol T 1258, Stereo ST 1258). The boys have recorded a great variety of folk music ballads and it comes up real fine. Don't miss "The Wanderer"—real blue!

Tomorrow is the Question—Ornette Coleman (Contemporary M 3569). The second album for Coleman who plays, to say the least, differently. A real "gass" for 'way out moderns, although for me it was a bit nervous in spots.

Staccato—Elmer Bernstein (Capitol T 1287, Stereo ST 1287). Modern jazz background music from the TV whodone-it of the same name. A few solid spots but not outstanding. Near miss.

Happy listenin' . . .

END

NEW COMMANDANT

[continued from page 23]

part, "I want to state with emphasis that Lt Shoup has demonstrated the capacity for original thinking . . . I never forget a name that is associated with constructive originality . . . Sooner or later that name is going to produce something . . ." The letter was written in 1933 by an officer who later rose to the rank of Lieutenant General: J. C. Breckinridge.

Returning from the Orient, Lt Shoup served a year at MB, Bremerton, Wash. From Bremerton, he went, in June, 1937, to Quantico where, the following year, he completed the Junior Course. "I consider the Junior Course my big step, professionally speaking," he says. "In those days it was difficult to get into and I was determined to do well there." He did well enough to be retained after graduation for two years to serve as an instructor.

In May, 1940, he joined the Sixth Regiment and, a year later, he embarked for Iceland. He became operations officer for the 1st Marine Brigade and was awarded the first of his many decorations, a Letter of Commendation Ribbon. He got it for his service in Iceland during the first three months after our country entered the war.

In March, 1942, he returned to the U.S. and, four months later, left for New Zealand with the Advance Echelon of the Second Marine Division.

Of the period before Tarawa, an officer who has served with the general for many years, says: "He was one of my instructors at Quantico and you might say I have been a student of his ever since. One of the things I'll remember longest about him took place in March, 1943. Two other majors and I were keeping busy in the G-3 section when, suddenly, LtCol Shoup, our boss, said, 'We're going to hit the island of Saipan. Work it out for me.'

"It was, of course, just an exercise, but we worked our heads off on it. When we finished, we put a foot-high stack of papers on his desk. He looked at the bottom one and said, 'Nope. You've got us landing in the wrong place. We'll go in over the reef.'"

At that time, the officer recalls, LtCol Shoup could have got just about any odds he wanted if he cared to wager on his choice of landing beaches. "But," he continued, "sure enough, one year and three months later the division went in at exactly the place he predicted it would. The frightening part is he couldn't have known. I don't think the Joint Chiefs of Staff knew

at that point. Saipan could not have been considered without the victory at Tarawa, and we didn't find out we were going to Tarawa until five months later."

He continued: "His bravery is legend, but he's not foolhardy. I don't know whether it's a fair analogy, but I consider him the best poker player in the Marine Corps. I say that because he is a keen student of human nature; he'll take chances—but only after he has weighed all the odds; and he cannot be bluffed!"

When asked, "Doesn't it take a streak of ruthlessness to be a good poker player?" he calmly picked up a dictionary (I thought he was going to hit me with it) and said, "Let's see exactly what the word means. Here it is: 'without pity or compassion; pitiless; merciless.'"

He closed the dictionary and, after a long moment, said, "If there is one word in the language that doesn't fit him, that's it. He is one of the most compassionate men I know. It's as slanderous to him as the word 'ambitious.' He's been wrongly called that, too. But I have never known him to allow the normal amount of ambition every man has, to swerve him from doing what he knows to be right."

In January, 1944, the general became Chief of Staff of the Second Marine Division. He was, at 38, the youngest C/S in the Corps. He earned his second Legion of Merit for his part in the battles of Saipan and Tinian.

It was during this period that the legend about him began to grow. He was reputed to carry a completely filled-out surrender document with him at all times in his shirt pocket. By simply affixing his signature to the colonel's document, a Japanese officer could sur-

render anything from a platoon to the entire empire. "He was always prepared," says a friend, with a wink.

One Stateside paper claimed he had "over 500" shooting medals. The general is a fine shot with both pistol and rifle, but the number of medals is probably an exaggeration.

He returned home in October, 1944, to become Logistics Officer in the Division of Plans and Policies at HQMC. He attacked the paper like a bulldozer. At that time, HQMC occupied much less space in the Navy Annex than it does today. The office spaces resembled, in many respects, a big warehouse with nothing but flimsy partitions separating the sections.

Whenever the colonel became bored with shuffling paper, or thought his staff was, he would push everything aside. From his desk drawer he would take a duck call and blow as many blasts as he thought necessary to completely shake up everyone in his area. Then, wordlessly, he would put the call back in the drawer and return to work.

In August, 1947, he took command of Service Command, FMF, Pacific, and, two years later, became Division Chief of Staff, First Marine Division. He then commanded Basic School at Quantico from July, 1950, to April, 1952.

After a short period as Assistant Fiscal Director, he became Fiscal Director of the Marine Corps. His jacket contains a letter from the office of the Secretary of Defense to the Commandant citing the Marine Corps for the fiscal policies General Shoup implemented throughout the Corps.

In May, 1956, he was appointed Inspector General for Recruit Training. Four months later, he became IG for the entire Corps. The following year, he assumed command of the First Marine Division at Camp Pendleton. A year later he became CG of the Third Marine Division. On his return to the U. S., he became CG at Parris Island in May, 1959.

In Tarawa, Robert Sherrod, now Managing Editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, described the general as: "a hard-boiled, profane shouter of orders . . . more like . . . a Marine sergeant . . . He was a tough Marine officer in the best tradition, and he had the greatest faith in the Marines' ability to succeed in anything they undertook."

While Sherrod's evaluation of the general, made in the heat of battle, is probably an accurate one, it presents only one side of a many-sided man. There are two other sides of this remarkable officer that just don't jibe with Sherrod's Shoup. He was the principal of a grade school in Tab, Ind., for one year, at the age of 18 between his sophomore and (continued on page 78)



Leatherneck Magazine

We-the Marines

Edited by
ASSgt Thurlow D. Ellis

Silent Observer

Undergoing a final testing phase at the Marine Corps Equipment Board's Electronic Section at Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va., is a new detection device, so sensitive that it can pick out a crawling soldier a half mile away.

Because of nuclear weapons, modern doctrine requires field units to operate several miles from other friendly forces. These distances between units leave great gaps through which the enemy could infiltrate.

The new ground-scanning device offers combat commanders an important new means of closing this gap.

Known as the Battlefield Surveillance Radar AN/TPS-21, the new lightweight set can be broken down and packed by five men with little difficulty. Upon reaching the designated position, it can be set up by two men in five minutes.

Operators "hear" targets through their earphones. Tanks, jeeps, trucks, troops and other moving objects reflect their own distinctive sounds. When the operator "hears" a suspicious motion, he narrows the radar beam, zeroing in on the target. Azimuth and distance to the object are computed on the control box.

Power is supplied by a very quiet portable gasoline generator. The three-gallon fuel supply makes up one of the five components and provides enough fuel to operate the set continuously for 16 hours.

Basic operator training takes about five days, but according to an MCEB spokesman, "To pick up a target is easy, but to be able to determine exactly what you have picked up requires a trained ear which can be acquired only through much practice."

The compact battlefield unit, which can pinpoint a tank eight miles away, was originally conceived, and built, at the Control Systems Laboratory at the University of Illinois. It is currently being manufactured by the Admiral Co., Chicago.

PFC Paul Baskind
ISO, MCS
Quantico, Va.



Official USMC Photo

New ground-scanning radar units that can pinpoint tanks eight miles away, or a man one-half mile distant, can be transported by five men



Official USMC Photo

When the Ivie twins (left), and the Courter twins were ordered to the same recruit training battalion

at MCRDep, San Diego, ASSgt D. Freeman, DI, quickly devised a method for telling them apart

Japanese Aid

When a petite 120 pounds of kindness decided to do something—she decided in a big way—and the whole thing mushroomed into a project which aided typhoon victims in Japan with more than 10,000 pounds of clothing.

Her thoughtfulness toward the stricken families in their time of need snowballed into a giant project of human kindness that encompassed thousands of Orange and Los Angeles County citizens.

It all began when Mrs. James P. Miller, wife of an El Toro Marine staff sergeant, contacted Reverend George R. Tolman, pastor of the First Christian Church, Orange, about aiding the victims. "Could the churches collect the clothing if the Marines could furnish the planes to fly it to Japan?" she asked.

After serious consideration, Rev. Tolman initiated a clothing drive through his church, and contacted Reverend Allan R. Wolter, Rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, Orange, and President of the Orange Council of Churches. Rev. Wolter enlisted the support of all the churches in the city of Orange, and contacted Reverend John M. Yamazaki, Vicar, St. Mary's Episcopal Japanese Mission, Los Angeles, who enlisted the support of the Japanese Christian community for the project.

Each person contacted was quick to respond, and the program gained momentum. Two large moving vans were used to transport the collected cargo to El Toro where it was loaded aboard the transports.

Little did Mrs. Miller realize that a single call on her part could result in such a massive good-will gesture.

ASSgt James Barnett
ISO
MCAS, El Toro, Calif.

Double Trouble

ASSgt N. B. Freeman, drill instructor, MCRDep, San Diego, Calif., has a unique solution for an unusual problem: he simply sits down to tell twins apart.

To further addle a normally confusing situation, Freeman, as senior DI of Platoon 351, must distinguish between not one, but two, sets of twins.

Little trouble is involved in identifying the Courter brothers of Menlo

Park, Calif. Fred wears glasses; Frank does not.

With the Ivie brothers of Tulare, Calif., however, the situation is different. According to Freeman, "They look exactly alike except for a scar under Raymond's chin. Walter doesn't have any, so the only time I can tell who's who, is when I am sitting down and looking up at them."

PFC M. W. Woodlief
ISO, MCRDep
San Diego, Calif.

TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo

Mrs. L. Thomas and Rev. A. Wolter expressed their appreciation to MajGen S. Jack, for Marine Corps aid to Japan's typhoon victims



TV's Hugh (Wyatt Earp) O'Brian, Karen Rines, and Sallie Armstrong, assisted Marine recruiters

Official USMC Photo
ASSgt B. Mulligan, AMSgt N. Clark and ASSgt S. Hickman at the Santa Clara County Fair, Calif.

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

Citizenship Problem

Three-time citizen, immigrant, native and girl without a country is the family situation of Sgt John J. McLaughlin.

In the last 10 years, McLaughlin has been a citizen of England, Ireland and the United States, while his wife is a citizen of Japan. His son is a native-born U.S. citizen, but his daughter hasn't any citizenship at all.

According to "Mac," the confusion began when he was born in Derry City, North Ireland, 27 years ago. Because of the ancient Anglo-Irish controversy over the political ties of Northern Ireland, the newborn McLaughlin was credited with citizenship in both England and the Republic of (Southern) Ireland.

"Mac" retained his dual citizenship until 1949, when, as a 17-year-old orphan, he left the British Isles for the western hemisphere. He found a job as an installation man for a large concern selling oil burners and settled in Niagara Falls, Canada.

During the years that he remained in the Dominion, the young Irish immigrant was a British citizen. In 1954, after completing five years of Canadian residency, he became eligible for citizenship on this side of the Atlantic.

He decided to join the armed forces,

and after looking around a bit on both sides of the border, he joined the U.S. Marine Corps through Buffalo, N.Y.

During the next two years, Mac completed boot camp, Aircraft Prep School,

Jacksonville, Fla., and Aviation Metal-smith School at Memphis, Tenn. In May, 1955, he became a naturalized citizen of the U.S.

After 13 months in his adopted home-



Official USMC Photo
Sgt John J. McLaughlin and his son, Michael, are U.S. citizens, his wife is a Japanese citizen, while his daughter has no citizenship

land as a citizen, he was ordered to Japan in 1956, where he met and married Sakoto Maria.

A daughter, Maureen, was born to the couple in Japan, but because Mac had not established residence in the U.S. for 10 years, immigration laws barred Maureen's chance to take her father's citizenship.

After returning to the U.S., the McLaughlin family once again increased in size with the arrival of Michael, the first native-born U.S. citizen in the family.

To the average Marine and his family, citizenship, especially American citizenship, is something special that should be guarded as a highly prized possession that is really hard (at times) to attain.

PFC R. J. Wright, Jr.
ISO, MCAS
Cherry Point, N.C.



Official USN Photo
PFC D. Paul shot six sharks
from the decks of the Oriskany

Shark Killer

PFC David G. Paul, armed with an M-1 rifle aboard the attack aircraft carrier, *USS Oriskany* (CVA-34), was credited with six "bulls" and one "Maggie" during a recent shark-kill.

Paul, a member of the Marine detachment aboard the carrier, was called out with other members of the detachment to fire at sharks sighted in the waters about nine miles south of Catalina Harbor, Calif.

Aiming at seven of the sharks, Paul killed six, while other detachment Marines dispatched two. A total of 21 sharks were sighted.

ISO
USS Oriskany (CVA-34)
END

OCTOBER CRAZY CAPTION WINNER

Submitted by
AMSGt William A. Daum
HQ. Bn., HQMC
Washington 25, D. C.

"Am I late for
inspection, Sir?"



Here's another chance for readers to dream up their own Crazy Captions. *Leatherneck* will pay \$25 for the craziest caption received before March 1. It's easy. Think up a crazy caption for the cartoon below, print it on the line under the cartoon and fill in your name and complete address. Tear out the cartoon and coupon and mail to *Leatherneck Magazine*, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D.C.

The winning caption will be published in the April issue.



NAME

ADDRESS IN FULL

Transfers



Each month *Leatherneck* publishes names of the top pay grade personnel transferred by Marine Corps Special Orders. We print as many as space permits. These columns list abbreviations of both old and new duty stations. This feature is intended primarily to provide information whereby Marines may maintain a closer contact with this important phase of the Corps.

This listing is for information purposes only, and is NOT to be construed as orders. It is subject to HQMC modifications.

E9

BOCKELMAN, Richard J (9999) MCB CamLeJ to FMFLant
BROWN, Lisle C (9999) MCRD SD to 1stMarDiv
BRUCE, Jack B (9999) 1stMAW to 2dMAW
DITTENNER, Kenneth R (9999) 1stMAW to 2dMarDiv
HOTCHKISS, Mehri A (9999) 3dMarDiv to 10th InfCo
KAEDING, Graydon H (9999) 1stMarDiv to 1stMAW
LE BLANC, Leslie G (9999) 2dMAW to 1stMAW
LUCKADOO, James B (9999) 2dMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
MCINTIRE, Robert E (9999) 1stMarDiv to MCRD SD
RAMSEY, Louis H (9999) 1stMarDiv to MCRD SD
SCHAU, Francis J (9999) 10thInfBn to 3dMarDiv

E8

ALLISON, John (0398) ForTrps FMFPac to 3dMarDiv
ATKINS, Owen B (6498) MCAS CherPt to 1stMAW
BARTO JR, Clarence O (0398) LFTLant to MCB CamLeJ
BLODY, Paul A (0398) ForTrps FMFLant to 3dMarDiv
BOMAR, Charles V (0398) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
BRYSON, Bookie L (0398) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
CAMPBELL, Robert L (0398) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
CHIBAN, Anthony J (0398) ForTrps FMFPac to 3dMarDiv
DUTROW, Lawrence W (0398) ForTrps FMFPac to 3dMarDiv
ETHEREDGE, Lloyd G (0398) Salt Lake City to USS Los Angeles
FLOWERS JR, Robert V (0398) FMFLant to USS Northampton
HAYS, Olene (0398) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
HENRY, Raymond (0398) USS Northampton to MAD Mfs
IRWIN, Charles (0398) ForTrps FMFLant to MB WashDC
LANGDON, Arthur H (6498) MAG-32 to 1stMAW
LUNING, Victor C (3098) 3dMAW to 3dMarDiv
MADDOX, Edward R (0398) MCRD PI to LFTLant
MARTIN, Billie W (0398) 3dMarDiv to MCRS Nash
MENTCH, Charles E (0398) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
PAYNE, Rhody M (0398) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
ROARK, William D (6498) 1stMAW to MCAS CherPt
RODWELLER, Leo R (0398) 2dMarDiv to MB Naples
RONAN, John J (0398) 3dAWBtry to 3dMarDiv
SANKEY, James L (6498) MAG-32 to 1stMAW
SCRUGGS, Lloyd (3049) MCSA Phila to MB WashDC

SEARCY, Harden R (0231) 3dMAW to H&SBn FMFPac
SELOVER, Lewis L (6498) 3dMAW to 1stMAW
SHOEMAKER JR, William C (0398) ForTrps FMFLant to 3dMarDiv
SKINNER, James R (0398) 35thInfCo to 3dMarDiv
TEOTLE, Charles D (0398) MCRD PI to 3dMarDiv
URBAN, Edward J (0398) ForTrps FMFLant to 3dMarDiv
WALKER, George J. (6498) 3dMAW to 1stMAW
WATKINS, William F (6498) 3dMAW to 1stMAW
WAYNE, Edward F (6498) 3dMarDiv to 1stMAW

E7

AVERY, Albert L (2639) MCS Quant to 2dMarDiv
AYERS, Kenneth N (6511) 2dMAW to MCRD PI FFT
BALLOU, James E (0369) MCB CamLeJ to 1stMarDiv FFT
BENEFIELD, Ernest G (3537) 1stMarDiv to MB WashDC
BENSON, Albert J (1371) 1stEngRbn to 3dMarDiv
BERGLUND, Victor L (3061) MCB Campen to MCRD PI FFT
BLACK, Eugene C (3049) MCRD PI to H&SBn FMFPac
BLOXTON, Robert C (0141) USS Los Angeles to 1stMarDiv
BOWLING, Ronald E (0369) MCS Quant to 97thInfCo
BOYDEN, John S (6481) 3dMAW to MCRD PI FFT
BOYLE JR, Joseph B (3371) 1stMAW to MCB CamLeJ
CAREY, James W (3049) 1stMarDiv to MCAS Eitoro
CARNAHAN, Delbert K (1841) 2dAmph-TracCo to 3dMarDiv
CLAZIE, Robert P (6412) 2dMAW to MARTC Bklyn
COLLIER JR, John T (0369) 1stMarDiv to MCRD PI FFT
COOKE, "T" (0369) MCB CamLeJ to MCS Quant
CUMMINGS JR, Leonard O (0141) 3dMarDiv to MARTD Bklyn
DAVIS, Duncan F (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant
DECKER, George L (1841) ForTrps FMFLant to 2dAmphTracCo
DICKENS, Jean A (0141) MCB CamLeJ to MCS Quant
DOLAN, Robert J (3121) MCRD SD to MCB Campen
Dwyer, Richard W (0369) 1stMarDiv to 3dMAW
ESTES, Claude H (6413) 2dMAW to 1stMAW
EWING JR, Forrest L (6413) 2dMAW to Willow Grove Pa
FAIRWEATHER, John (2529) 1stMAW to 1stMarDiv
FORD, Benjamin E (6412) AirFMFPac to 1stMAW
FREEMAN, James G (0369) MCB CamLeJ to MB WashDC
FRETTER, Floyd E (3371) 2dMarDiv to MCRD PI FFT

FRYER, Rex C (3421) Bridgeport Calif to MCRD SD
GARREN, William H (3121) HQMC to MCB CamLeJ
GROSS, "W" "R" (0141) 3dMarDiv to MCAS Yuma
GURNOE, Leo A (2741) MCRD SD to ForTrps 29 Palms
HAAG, Charles E (3537) 2dMAW to 1stMarDiv
HADLEY, James W. (3049) ForTrps FMFLant to HQMC
HARRINGTON, Lonnie J (3421) MCB CamLeJ to 3dMarDiv
HARVEY, Edward L (7113) 2dMAW to MB WashDC
HOBROCK, Richard E (0369) 1stMarDiv to MCS Quant
HOFFMAN, Denny R (3049) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
HOPKINS, Carl E (0369) 1stMarDiv to 3dMAW
JOHNSTON, James M (3421) MCSC Barstow to 3dMAW
KAISER, Eddie L (0141) MARTC Glen to MCB Campen
KEELING, James T (4312) 9thMCRD to 3dMAW
KEESLING, Keith L (0369) MCS Quant to 1stMarDiv
KLANESKI, William J (2639) ForTrps FMFLant to MCRD PI
KRAFT, Donald (1841) 1stMarDiv to MCSC Barstow
KREKMAN, Anthony (3349) ForTrps FMFLant to MCS Quant
KRONENBERG, Charles K (3049) 12thMCRD to MCB Campen FFT
LAING, Gordon L (6412) 2dMAW to MARTD Olathe
LUTHA, John E (6713) MCS Quant to MCAS Beaufort
LUKOWSKI, Vincent J (3949) MCB Campen to 3dMarDiv
MACE, Max J (2131) 1stMarDiv to MCB Campen FFT
MAHER, Edward J (3537) 1stMarDiv to Camp S D Butler
MATERO, August H (1841) 9thMCRD to MCB Campen FFT
MCCAULEY, Benjamin D (0211) 3dMarDiv to MCAS Eitoro
MCCLUNG, Charles K (3049) MCSC Albany to HQMC
MERRILL, Robert W (0141) 1stMAW to 1stMarDiv
MORRALL, Frank E (4312) MCS Quant to 5thMCRD
MORRISON, Clifford R (4312) 12thMCRD to MCAS Eitoro
NICHOLS, Roy H (3049) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
NIXON, Samuel F (6511) 2dMAW to MCRD PI FFT
NOTEMAN, James M (3537) MCS Quant to 3dMarDiv
OBERG, Augustine H (0369) 1stMarDiv to 3dMAW
O'CONNELL, Henry F (1371) 1stMAW to ForTrps 29Palms
O'CONNOR, Jack T (0141) 3dMarDiv to 3dMAW
OFFUTT, Charles W (6613) MAD Mfs to 1stMAW
PARKS, Warren J (0141) 1stMAW to 1stMCRD
PAVICK, Michael (0369) 2dMarDiv to MCRD PI FFT
PINTER, Elizabeth (0141) 1stMCRD to HQMC

PORTER, Leo T (0369) 1stMarDiv to 3dMAW
PRAYTOR JR, Noah (2511) 1stMarDiv to MCRD SD
PRICE, William D (6671) MAD Mfs to 1stMAW
QUINN, John A (0369) 12thMCRD to 1stMarDiv
ROBERTSON, Raymond H (3537) LFTU-Lant to 2dMarDiv
ROBINSON, Daniel E (3421) 2dMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
RODY, Boyd M (3049) 3dMAW to MCRD PI FFT
SERCZALA, Bronislaw A (3051) MCSC Albany to 2dMAW
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WESTBERRY, Enes L (0141) MARPAC to 1stMarDiv
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WILLIAMS, Vernon (3537) 1stMAW to MCRD SD
WOODWARD, Richard E (3049) FMFLant to 3dMarDiv
WILLIE, Oscar M (3421) 1stMAW to 1stMarDiv

E6

ANDERSON, Loren I (2111) 12thMCRD to 1stMarDiv
ARCHER, Alton E (0369) 6thMCRD to 1stMarDiv FFT
ARNOLD, Richard E (4312) MCB CamLeJ to MCS Quant
BALLEW, JR, Thomas J (3261) 1stMAW to 1stMarDiv
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BECK, Jimmie C (0141) 8thMCRD to MAG-26
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BENTON, George O (0441) 5thMCRD to 1stMarDiv FFT
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GRAVES, James D (1811) MCB Campen to MCB Campen FFT
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E5

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ForTrps CamLeJ
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THE JONAH

[continued from page 47]

Girl Scouts selling cookies for charity. I am not the brawny type." Which was certainly true as my goosebumps were, at the moment, considerably larger than my biceps.

"Sam, for heaven's sake, stop knocking yourself," Withrow said patiently. "You are my buddy and I have made a promise to you. If you have no faith in yourself, have a little in me. And remember, just keep your left in his face. The rest will take care of itself."

So, in the second round, I stuck out the left and by accident it tapped Pvt Easterbrooke lightly on the nose. It might have been a lightning bolt. He stopped in his tracks, looked wildly about the ring, as though he were a steer being led up the ramp of a Kansas City slaughter house, and collapsed into a small, panting heap. I danced lightly to a neutral corner and snorted through my nose—the one thing about fighting I'd learned from my buddy, Withrow.

Lt Simms came into the dressing room afterward, wearing a small patch over his eye and an expression of com-

plete awe. "Pvt Murphy," he said to me, "I've never seen anything like it. Your knockout punch travels so fast, nobody even saw it."

"It's a mystery to me too, sir," I said modestly.

"Withdraw," the lieutenant said, from the opposite side of the room, "you were close to the action; exactly what put Easterbrooke down?"

"A crunching left, sir," Withrow said, with a small smile.

"Amazing. The only left I saw resembled a friendly wave."

"That," Withrow said, "is exactly what we want the opponent to think."

When the lieutenant had left I said to Withrow, "A crunching left? Maybe you can fool the rest of these guys, but you know as well as I, there was no more crunch in that left than it takes to kill a fly." A terrible suspicion took hold of me. "Withdraw, somehow you scared Easterbrooke into being beaten. I've got a right to know . . ."

"Easy, champ," he said, pushing me toward a shower. "Did you hear the noise when Easterbrooke went down? That was for us. We're big men around here now and if we don't go on to win the championship in the division, my name ain't Knobby Walsh."

Well, the cheers *had* sounded good and the respect I'd seen in Lt Simms' eyes was as soothing as ice cream on

a sore throat. I forced the suspicions from my mind.

I won the next four fights in a row by knockouts in the first round. Each was easier than the one before. In the last match I could have sworn I didn't lay a glove on my opponent; he went down in a heap after I'd accidentally stepped on his instep. But by then, even the strange lack of any sound when I fought didn't penetrate my thick skull. I was convinced, thanks to Withrow, my punches came so fast *not even I was aware of them*.

Something else didn't penetrate. After each knockout, when I turned to my corner, Withrow would appear to be in some sort of trance. His eyeballs rotated wildly and he would be muttering some sort of gibberish. He explained it afterwards by saying these were "fits of admiration" for the "artistry I showed in the ring."

I took to snorting through my nose outside the ring and to shadow boxing in chow lines and to glowering vacantly into space; acting, in short, the way I imagined a fighter should. For, by now, I was completely sold on my ability, so much so it seemed completely natural for the men to give me a wide berth. So wide, in fact, entire days would go by without a soul talking to me except Withrow. And I didn't even see much of him. He (continued on page 86)

NEW COMMANDANT

[continued from page 69]

junior years in college. He is a writer of better than average verse.

He is also a collector of and lecturer on oriental art.

Still another side is his fine sense of humor. He doesn't hesitate to make himself the butt of jokes if it will help make a point. As his contribution to a brawn vs. brain argument, he once told how, as a boy, he constantly tried to show his father that he was as good a worker as his older, stronger brother. Pitching hay one day, he put larger and larger loads of hay on his fork until, suddenly, the fork handle snapped in two.

Excitedly, he grabbed the two pieces and ran and told his father what he had done. His father took the longer half and gave him a lusty whack across his hip pockets. As the sting subsided, his father said, "Davie, any fool can break a fork handle—it takes an intelligent person to lift heavy loads and not break one."

From his dad, who died in 1951, General Shoup acquired many of the "let's don't get too excited about this thing" philosophies for which he's noted. His

father, noting his childish distress about whether a threatening storm would ruin a crop, told him, "Son, there are enough things over which you have some control to worry about, without worrying about things over which you have no control."

The general has acquired a reputation for taciturnity rivaling Gary Cooper's. Those who have known him longest say he doesn't deserve it, but they reluctantly acknowledge that he is the author of the shortest general order on record. He wrote it after he noted a drowsiness on the part of some members of his staff during a conference. Only three words long, it said, "Get more sleep."

During the second week in August, 1959, he was summoned to Washington, D. C. and informed by the Secretary of the Navy that he would be the next Commandant.

Later that day he sat down in the Commandant's office and, in longhand, scribbled a few notes on a lined sheet of 8x10 note paper. Hundreds of thousands of words will be written about him before his four-year tenure ends, but the less than a hundred words he wrote that day may, more than all the others, tell just what kind of a man he is.

He wrote, "My first three thoughts

after SecNav advised me of my selection to be the next Commandant of the Marine Corps: (1) One can scale great heights in this life, with an angel for a mother and an angel for a wife. (May God bless both of them). (2) Lightning has surely struck me, but as I consider who controls where lightning shall strike, I am comforted. (3) I hope those responsible for my selection were influenced by a Divine guidance."

Then he did a typical David M. Shoup thing, a thing that perhaps only a Marine would understand. He went back and boldly wrote "four" right over the top of his original "three" thoughts, and added another: "(4) This is the first pot I ever won without having a hand in the game."

The thought is incongruous, but to his Marines, it is just exactly the right touch.

This, then, is General David Monroe Shoup. His first hours were spent near a Battleground in Indiana; his finest hours, thus far, were spent on another battleground called Tarawa. But there are those who insist that, in the long view, historians will say his finest hours were served as the 22d Commandant of Marines.

What changes, if any, does he contemplate making?

What's your guess?

END

MCI

NOTES



Field Artillery Courses Offered For OF 08

MARINE field artillerymen have a wide range of choice in Marine Corps Institute courses covering their occupational field. Ten MCI courses, covering subjects from artillery ammunition to advanced fire direction procedures, present the artilleryman with an excellent opportunity to learn his own MOS and to gain a greater knowledge of the 08 occupational field.

The Marine Corps Institute offers the following courses for field artillerymen:

ARTILLERY MATERIEL AND AMMUNITION, 08.1, presents the description, characteristics and use of the various weapons and ammunition employed by Marine artillery units. This is an excellent course for the Marine assigned an MOS of 0811 (Field Artillery Batteryman). There are five lessons which require 20 study hours in this course. Reservists will earn seven retirement credits.

THE 105-MM. HOWITZER CANNONEER, 08.2a, is designed for Marines assigned an 0811 (Field Artillery Batteryman) MOS. This course will teach the student the general description and characteristics of the 105-mm. howitzer, the various duties of cannoners, and the operation of the weapon in the field. Also covered are the functioning of the weapon, malfunctioning, preparation of the weapon for traveling and firing, indirect and direct laying, and bore sighting procedure. This course has five lessons and requires 13 study hours. Reservists will earn four retirement credits upon completion.

FORWARD OBSERVATION, 08.4, will teach the student the principles of selecting, occupying and organizing an observation post, and the basic techniques in the adjustment of artillery fire. Field artillerymen and infantrymen assigned as forward observers will

find this course particularly valuable. This course has six lessons which require 18 study hours. Reservists will earn six retirement points upon completion.

FIELD ARTILLERY FIRING BATTERY PROCEDURES, 08.5, is designed for Marines assigned an 0811 (Field Artillery Batteryman) MOS. This course will teach the general duties of the firing battery executive officer during firing. These duties include fire commands, laying the battery, determination of minimum elevation, determination and application of special corrections. There are six lessons which require 24 study hours in this course. Reservists will earn eight retirement credits upon completion.

THE 155-MM. HOWITZER CANNONEER, 08.6, is prepared for MOS 0811, and provides instruction in the general description and characteristics of the 155-mm. howitzer, the various duties of the cannoners and the operation of the weapon in the field. Six lessons in this course require 15 study hours. Reservists will earn five retirement credits upon completion.

4.2 INCH MORTAR CANNONEER, 08.7, is also designed for the Field Artillery Batteryman, and teaches the general characteristics of the 4.2 inch mortar, the duties of the cannoners, and operation of the weapon in the field. Seven lessons in this course require 16 study hours. Reservists will earn five retirement credits upon completion.

FIELD ARTILLERY SURVEY, 08.8a, is designed for Marines assigned MOSs 0844 (Field Artillery Fire Control Man), and 0848 (Field Artillery Operations Assistant). Instruction covers the description and principles of survey for artillery operations, the duties of field

artillery survey personnel, and the operation of the aiming circle and transit. Mathematics necessary to perform this work are included. There are seven lessons which require 21 study hours in this course. Reservists will earn seven retirement credits upon completion.

SELF-PROPELLED 155-MM. GUN AND 8-INCH HOWITZER CANNONEER, 08.10, is designed for the Field Artillery Batteryman. This course provides instruction in the description and characteristics of the self-propelled 155-mm. gun and the 8-inch howitzer. It also covers the duties of the cannoners and the operation of these weapons in the field. This course has eight lessons which require 24 study hours. Reservists earn eight retirement credits upon completion.

BASIC FIRE DIRECTION PROCEDURES, 08.11, is designed for Marines assigned MOSs 0811, 0844, and 0848. Instruction covers the duties of the various personnel in the fire direction center, the use of plotting equipment and the procedures in determining chart data. Seven lessons in this course require 18 study hours. Reservists will earn six retirement credits upon completion.

ADVANCED FIRE DIRECTION PROCEDURES, 08.12, is designed for MOSs 0844 and 0848. Instruction covers precision and time registrations of artillery fire, high-angle fire, 4.2 inch mortar gunnery, meteorological corrections, and determination and application of velocity error. It is recommended that students complete MCI course 08.11 before enrollment in this course. There are seven lessons in this course which require 24 study hours. Reservists will earn eight retirement credits upon completion. **END**

BULLETIN BOARD

Compiled by AMSgt Francis J. Kulluson

BULLETIN BOARD is *Leatherneck's* interpretation of information released by Headquarters Marine Corps and other sources. Items on these pages are not to be considered official.

Members Of The Armed Forces Enlisted Personnel Benefit Association To Get \$42 Dividend

The Armed Forces Enlisted Personnel Benefit Association has announced a \$42 refund to its members. This second consecutive annual refund, equivalent to \$3.50 per month, amounts to more than 38 percent of the \$9.00 basic monthly premiums paid in by members.

The refund thereby reduced the net cost of \$10,000 Group Life Insurance to only \$5.50 per month for all ages.

In the Association's fiscal year ending July 31st, favorable mortality experience, plus a 46 percent increase in membership, enabled the Board of Directors (all enlisted personnel on active duty) to increase the dividend 133 percent over last year.

This non-profit Association, now a permanent, world-wide institution, was formed as a mutual benefit group in December, 1956, by a few senior enlisted men who were desirous of providing themselves and all other career servicemen with benefits then only available to commissioned officers and warrant officers through the Armed Forces Relief and Benefit Association.

The biggest job, the Association said, was that of informing enlisted men, the majority of whom have not yet heard of the organization, of the benefits and opportunities available through membership.

The insurance program is underwritten by one

of the oldest and largest companies in the United States. There are no age limits, war clauses, exclusions or restrictions. No medical examination or other evidence of insurability will generally be required.

The Association employs no agents or salesmen. Interested personnel may obtain descriptive booklets and applications by writing the Association at 422 Washington Building, Washington 5, D. C. Applications are now being accepted from regular enlisted personnel of all grades.

The organization also makes available emergency loans to members, as well as scholarship grants for children. Additional benefits are to be considered as membership increases.

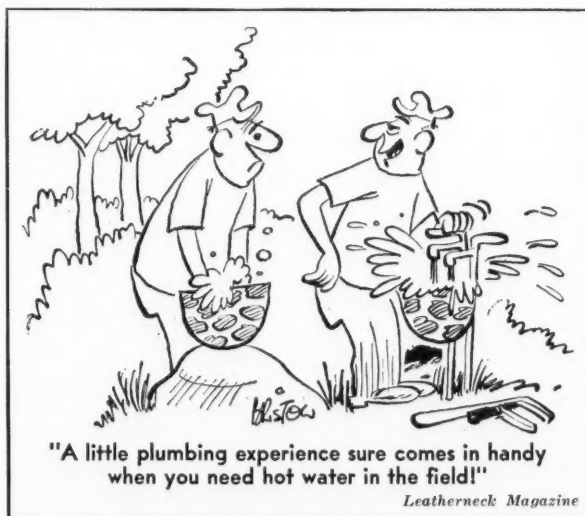
The young Association expects tremendous growth since 36,000 officers and warrant officers carry group life insurance, as well as two-thirds of all our nation's workers and two million Government employees. An official said an increase in membership reduces the administrative costs per member and spreads the mortality risk, thereby increasing the possibilities of larger refunds in the future.

Thoroughly reviewed and examined earlier by the Defense Department, the organization has DOD approval to solicit members throughout the services. Allotments are authorized for payment of insurance premiums.

Veterans Administration Offers Suggestions For Quicker, More Efficient Service

To veterans—

1. When first seeking a benefit, bring a copy of your discharge, if available.
2. When writing VA always give your full name and address.
3. When writing about benefit claims, address the VA regional officer in your area and give your "C" number.
4. When writing about insurance, address the VA district office to which you mail your premium, and give your policy number.
5. Report changes of address promptly to both VA regional and district offices.
6. Compensation or pension recipients can save time, money, and avoid a lapse, by having their insurance premiums deducted from their monthly benefit checks.
7. All other veterans can save time and money



by paying their insurance quarterly, semi-annually or annually.

8. Keep your list of insurance beneficiaries up to date. VA can pay claims only to the names on record.

To dependents and beneficiaries of veterans—

1. When writing regarding pension or compensation checks, address the VA regional office in

your area, and give the name of the deceased veteran and his "XC" number.

2. When writing regarding insurance, address the VA district office that sends you your check, giving the policy number and your name in full.

3. Report change of address promptly to both VA regional and district offices.

4. Feel free to write or visit a VA office for assistance in any problem.

Loans Made On GI Permanent Life Insurance Policies

Veterans holding permanent GI life insurance don't need to surrender their policies for cash in order to raise money urgently needed during financial emergencies.

VA said these veterans may borrow up to 94 percent of their policy's cash surrender value.

Although this action reduces the amount of protection for the veteran's beneficiaries by the amount borrowed, it does leave the policy in force.

Once surrendered for cash, however, all protection under the insurance ceases forever, since the GI policy is canceled and cannot be renewed or reinstated, the agency said.

Should a veteran borrow on his GI insurance and then died before repaying the loan in full, the outstanding indebtedness will be deducted from the policy proceeds before the latter is paid to the beneficiaries, VA pointed out.

For example, if a veteran dies while owing \$500 on his \$10,000 GI policy, the beneficiary would receive \$9500.

Annual interest on GI policy loans is charged at four percent on the unpaid balance and must be paid on or before the due date, VA warned.

Otherwise, the agency said, the unpaid interest is added to the outstanding amount of the loan. This would soon eat up the remaining cash value of the policy and the protection would cease.

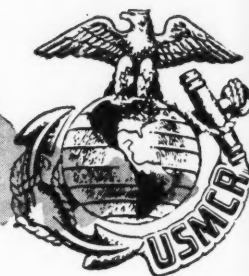
Repayment of the principal on GI policy loans may be made in amounts of \$5 or any multiple thereof, and at any time before default in payment of premiums.

Loans can be made only on permanent-type GI insurance policies. GI term insurance has no loan value, VA said.

END



In Reserve



Edited by
ASSgt Thurlow D. Ellis

Big Splash

Under a boiling sun that sent temperatures rising into the 90s, an all-Texas Marine Battalion Landing Team exercise was the feature attraction for an estimated 5000 spectators who watched the Reservists from San Antonio, Houston and Galveston participate in "Big Splash," a two-stage, atomic-triggered, sea-to-land amphibious assault.

It wasn't just the Marines who got into the act. The Air Force, Army National Guard and Coast Guard (Texans too) combined their efforts to make "Big Splash" a Texas Armed Forces show of unity.

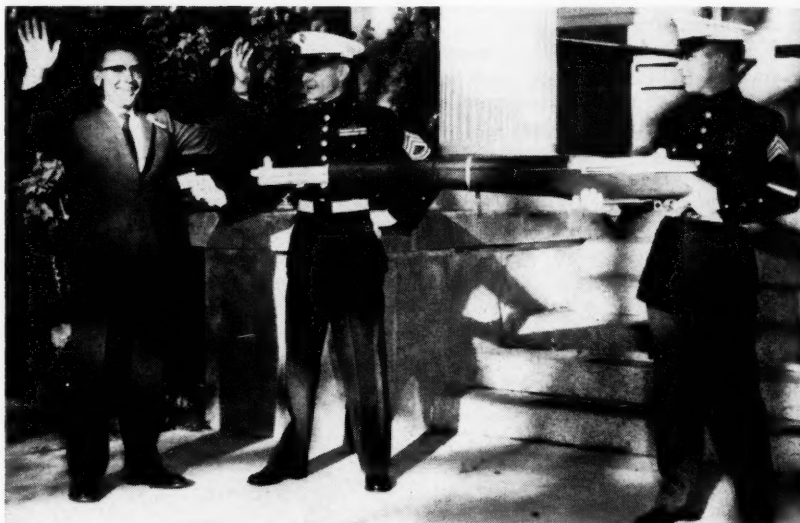
San Antonio's 14th Infantry Battalion, 200 strong, was airlifted to Galveston island by 10 C-199s of the 67th Troop Carrier Squadron, Brooks Air Force Base.

Meanwhile, the 1st Truck Company of Houston's 6th Infantry Battalion, made its way to Galveston in a 12-vehicle convoy. The Army National Guard of Galveston furnished the billeting and messing facilities for the 300 visiting Marine Reservists, while the Coast Guard unit sent out patrol boats to clear the landing area of stray vessels.

Scenario writers for the "OP Order" had cast the infantrymen from the Alamo City as attacking forces. On the other side were the hometown men of the 3d Amphibian Tractor Company, who acted as aggressors.

The Galveston unit's seven massive tractors and their respective crews came in for a good share of top billing as they double-landed the San Antonio unit during the two-stage assault.

After a strenuous dress rehearsal, the Marines from San Antonio and Hous-



Official USMC Photo
Governor Grant Sawyer "willingly" bought tickets for a Marine Band concert from members of Reno, Nevada's I-I Staff, 49th Infantry Co.

ton went on liberty with their hosts of the 3d Amphibian Tractor Company.

Lieutenant Colonel Welton H. Bunker, Commanding Officer of the Galveston unit, after checking his tractors, set up his aggressor defenses atop three bunkers along the Fort Point area, some 3000 yards inland from the sea wall.

To get to these strategic defense points, the battalion landing team steamed out of Galveston Bay and crossed East Beach to secure 2000 yards of exposed Gulf Coast. Landing with "covering fire" from simulated naval gunfire and atomic blasts, the BLT assaulted from seven amtracs and mopped up the sandy stretch in 30 minutes.

Aggressors who were not "annihilated" in the initial thrust, fled to the protection of bunker defenses where their major buildup waited for the final phase of the operation.

Employing the big land-sea vehicles as stepping stones to scale the 25-foot sea wall, the BLT was soon deployed

in the three-prong attack. Sharpshooters were stationed along the sea wall to pick off any aggressors who became overly snoopy.

The main force of the BLT drove in for the "kill." Using flame throwers, bazookas and smoke grenades, the final enemy bunker was overrun, marking the end of the 8th MCRRD operation.

AMSgt Ed Rudsinske
PAB, 8th MCRRD
New Orleans, La.

Mosquito Warfare

Grim and deadly "warfare" was waged in south central New Jersey when members of the 39th Infantry Company, USMCR, Atlantic City, N.J., were called upon to help curtail the spread of equine encephalitis, often called sleeping sickness.

Civil Defense officials and local mayors asked the Reservists for assistance in the campaign to kill the culiseta melanura mosquito, carrier of the dread disease.

Under the direction of AGySgt Clif-



Official USMC Photo

Flame thrower teams of the 39th Infantry Co., Atlantic City, N. J., volunteered to burn breeding areas of the culiseta melanura mosquito

ford Bauer, the crack flame thrower team of ASSgt James Ekins and Cpl George Earley handled the assignment.

First area to request the team was Hamilton Township where, as in other parts of southern New Jersey, a state of emergency had been declared. The flame thrower proved its effectiveness by burning out grass and brush in gullies and damp areas, breeding areas for the mosquitoes.

39th InfCo., USMCR
Atlantic City, N. J.

Long Haul Medic

"Once a Marine, always a Marine" could well be changed to "Once with the Marines, always with the Marines," in the case of HM3 Everett N. "Doc" Phillips, 17th Infantry Company,

USMCR. Phillips commutes regularly from Dodge City, Kan., a distance of 310 miles, to attend drills with the Wichita Reserve unit.

The majority of Doc's service time, both active and reserve, has been with the Marine Corps. He served on active duty during World War II and the Korean War. While serving with the Seventh Marines in Korea, he received the Presidential Unit Citation and Purple Heart Medal.

During annual field training, Doc drove to Camp Pendleton, Calif., adding another 3500 miles to his travel record.

On his civilian job, Phillips is required to travel about 2000 miles weekly, servicing postal stamp machines. Doc is definitely a traveling man.

Capt J. B. Ireland
17th InfCo., USMCR
Wichita, Kan.

Kentucky Colonels

Over T/O, or even with the board? That was the question which confronted members of the Fifth Marine Corps Reserve and Recruitment District when they received two new "colonels." Problems arose, however, for there were no official orders for the receipt of such rank, and furthermore, the new colonels didn't wear eagles on their shoulders.

The plot thickened even more when the new officers' names couldn't be found on the official Marine Corps Lineal List.

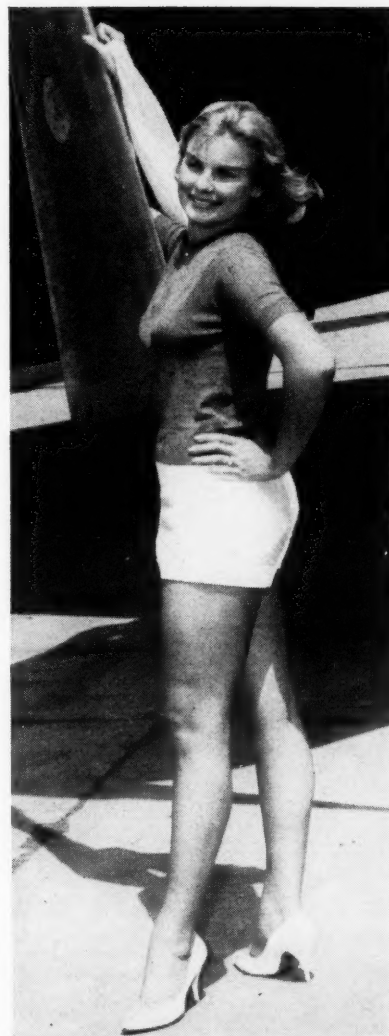
Then out of the blue came the answer: Major Roland C. Groome, Officer in Charge, Marine Corps Recruiting Station, Louisville, Ky., and MSgt Ward H. Foster, Sergeant Major of the

Recruiting Station, had been elevated to the "honorary rank" of colonel when they were presented commissions on the Staff of the Governor of Kentucky. They were made members of the Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels at private ceremonies in Louisville.

Their appointment automatically made the two Marines members of the Honorable Order, which binds together all "Kentucky Colonels" in an organization which expresses the pride they feel in their commissions and association with others similarly honored.

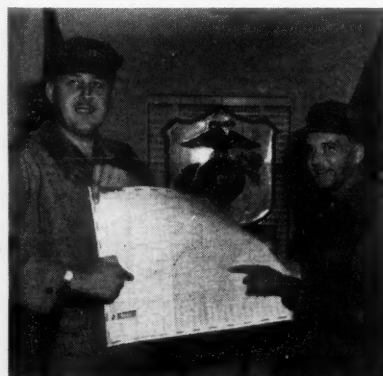
The first appointment of a "Colonel," by a Governor of Kentucky, dates back to the year 1812.

MCRS
Louisville, Ky.
END



Official USMC Photo

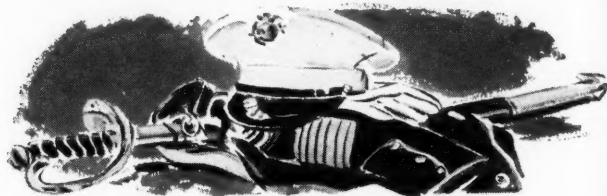
Robin Davis, of Hyattsville, Md. was chosen "Miss Skyraider" by MARTD, NAS, Anacostia, D.C.



Official USMC Photo

HM3 E. Phillips used a map of Kansas to show Capt J. Ireland how far he travels to attend drill

Once a Marine...



EACH MONTH Leatherneck will publish the names of officer and enlisted personnel who are retired from the Marine Corps. Newsworthy items concerning retired personnel will also be published. Names of retired personnel are furnished by the Separation and Retirement Branch, HQMC, and are not to be considered as orders to retirement or transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

Edited by ACpl John T. Morehead

MORE than 148 years of active Marine Corps service were represented when four Marine lieutenant generals were placed on the retired list November 1, 1959.

Lieutenant General Vernon E. Megee, a veteran of 40 years continuous duty, was the first Marine aviator to serve as Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps, and as Chief of Staff.

He began his career as a Marine private, enlisting in 1919. In 1922, after graduation from Oklahoma A&M College, Stillwater, Okla., he was commissioned a second lieutenant and in 1932, after completing

flight training at Pensacola, he was awarded his wings.

Prior to his retirement, LtGen Megee was the Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific.

Lieutenant General Edwin A. Pollock retired from active duty on October 30, with more than 38 years service as a Marine officer.

LtGen Pollock was graduated from the Citadel in 1921, and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the United States Army Reserve. A month later, he resigned that commission and accepted an appointment as a Marine lieutenant. He has served as Commanding

General, Marine Corps Recruit Depot, Parris Island; Commandant, Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va.; Commanding General, Second Marine Division, and Director of the Marine Corps Educational Center at Quantico.

At the time of his retirement, LtGen Pollock was Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force, Atlantic.

Lieutenant General Merrill B. Twining, 25th Commandant of Marine Corps Schools, retired from the Marine Corps after 36 years active service.

His career, which spanned a world



Official USMC Photo
Gen Vernon E. Megee



Official USMC Photo
Gen Edwin A. Pollock



Official USMC Photo
Gen Merrill B. Twining

war, a police action in Korea, and major changes in Marine Corps assault techniques, started in 1923, when he was graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

LtGen Twining was chosen to conduct the first aerial reconnaissance of Japanese-held Guadalcanal in 1942, and personally participated in aerial combat with Japanese "Zero" fighter planes.

In Korea, as a brigadier general, he was Assistant Division Commander of the First Marine Division, and later, in 1955, after a brief tour at Headquarters Marine Corps, LtGen Twining returned to Korea as the Commanding General, First Marine Division. He has served as Assistant Chief of Staff of the Marine Corps, and as Deputy Chief of Staff. In 1956 he was assigned to Quantico, Va., where he served as Commandant, Marine Corps Schools until his retirement.

Lieutenant General Robert E. Hogaboom, a veteran of 34 years active Marine Corps service, was retired on October 30.

LtGen Hogaboom was graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., in 1925, and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps. He saw action throughout the major portion of the South Pacific during WWII. Before his retirement, LtGen Hogaboom served as Chief of Staff of the Marine Corps.

The four lieutenant generals were

promoted to four-star rank on the retired list as a result of having been specially commended for performance of duty in combat.

Placed on Retired List (40 years)

MEGEE, Vernon E. Gen

Placed on Retired List (30 years)

HOGABOOM, Robert E. Gen
POLLOCK, Edwin A. Gen

Placed on Retired List (20 years)

CRAM, Jack R. BGen
DILLON, Edward J. BGen
ENRIGHT, William K. BGen
FORNEY, Edward H. BGen
GABBERT, John T. L. D. BGen
GALATIAN, Andrew B. BGen
HARSHBERGER, John D. BGen
HART, Donn C. BGen
KIRGIS, Howard G. BGen
MEYER, Lyle H. BGen
OLDFIELD, John S. BGen
REINBERG, Louie C. BGen
ROLL, George A. BGen
SANDERS, Claude S. BGen
SCHMUCK, Donald M. BGen
SHOFNER, Austin C. BGen
TORREY, Daniel W. BGen
TOTMAN, Clayton O. BGen
YEAMAN, Ralph R. Col
HUTCHINSON, Edward L. Col
FORD, George H. Col
HUNT JR, Leroy P. Col
JONES, Lewis A. Col
O'NEILL JR, Stewart B. Col
PETRAS, Theodore A. Col
WILLIAMS, Lloyd O. Col
CHURCHVILLE, Francis L. LtCol
PRALL, Charles J. LtCol
WHITNEY, Boyd O. LtCol
TODD, Harold G. Maj
WILLIAMS, Carl D. Maj
BAGLEY, Floyd C. Capt
BUCKLER, Robert E. Capt
OMASTA, Carl Capt
JONES, Leverett E. CWO-4
HARRINGTON, Howard W. CWO-3
DAVENPORT, Jerry "R" CWO-2
JUSTICE, Lucian H. CWO-2
WAGNER, Leon A. CWO-2

Placed on Disability Retired List

TWINING, Merrill B. Gen
RIDGELY JR, Reginald H. LGen
BURTON JR, Custis BGen
FOJT, Robert E. BGen
TAXIS, Samuel G. BGen
THOMPSON, Forest C. BGen
PAIGE, Mitchell Col
MILES, Jimmy B. LtCol
MULLER JR, William G. LtCol
ARMENROUT, James R. Capt
CONNELL, Richard F. Capt
GAFFNEY, Gerald T. Capt
CECIL, William H. 1stLt
MELTON JR, Howard I. 1stLt
NORMAN, James R. 1stLt
PINKERTON JR, Stewart M. 1stLt
BOYD, Leonard G. CWO-2

Placed on Retired List (30 years)

E-9

MANGUM, Carl S. 224016 0399

Transferred to Fleet Marine Corps Reserve

E-9

HOSBACH, Carl M. 271689 9999
LONGSTRETH, Harry J. 289809 9999
NAVE, Bert R. 282569 1899

E-8

MILLER, Eugene D. 263754 0898
RUPE, William 277629 6498
SCHUMACHER, William T. 276611 0398
SCOTT, Harry E. 267642 0398
TODD, Elmer J. 79835 0398
ZVIRBLIS, Joseph F. 261276 0398

E-7

ARMSTRONG, Wade H. 279915 2311
AUGUSTINE, Charles L. 274397 6412
BICK JR, George W. 282886 0141
BLAGG, Raymond I. 273569 3349
BUFFINGTON JR, Charles H. 308523 6413
BURGE, Robert E. 257575 3349
CHIDESTER, David T. 275594 3049
CLARK, Russell P. 246035 5711
CRAWFORD, Clyde E. 267364 6413
DEANKS, Alvin 276511 3537
DUDUK, Alexander J. 274855 6413
ERICKSON, Arvid R. 262388 0141
FILLER, Irving H. 246142 5565
FUGATE, Robert T. 280788 4312
FULLER, Leslie 267204 2771
GILLIAM, Preston S. 278974 2741
GITZ, Theodore E. 283494 6511
HILL, Tandy "J" 283332 3371
JOUBERT, Robert H. 283356 3061
KIDDER, Leroy J. 275440 0141
KIDD JR, John H. 276305 3516
KULIKOWSKI, Leopold A. 265910 3049
LEE, John H. 276337 2639
MELLAS, John M. 253671 6413
MURRAY, James A. 218459 4131
ODEKIRK SR, Burdette E. 214076 0141
ORLANDO, Daniel 265023 0849
PAINTER, Roger M. 275538 0369
PEIFFER, Eugene 283500 3061
PRESSLEY, Henry W. 283668 3412
SCOGIN, Walter O. 275726 3537
SCOTT, Russel 283501 1349
SIMPSON JR, Lawrence E. 283205 3049
SIMPSON JR, Walter L. 282099 6511
SOUTHERN, Lawrence T. 264450 3049
SPADE, Vincent E. 283696 2771
VASSARD, Adam E. 283261 3071
WILLS, John R. 280901 0111
WOOD, Malphus P. 283803 3311

E-6

CRIEGO, John A. 281532 2171
DOHERTY, William J. 260498 0369
HALE, William M. 283526 0800
KACHMAR, John 282050 2161
METTSCHER, Leonard G. 275710 0848
POTTER, Dwight A. 252380 2111
THORPE, LaVerne E. 279164 6432
TUTT, Kenneth 280841 1371

E-5

JENKINS, Eldridge A. 256165 0369

Placed on Temporary Disability Retired List

E-7

AESCHLIMAN, Kenneth M. 272316 6481
MC CORMICK JR, Robert 311995 2741
MC INTURFF, Harlan G. 250097 0369
SIMMONS, Emory C. 224513 3516
TAYLOR, Claude S. 225049 0141

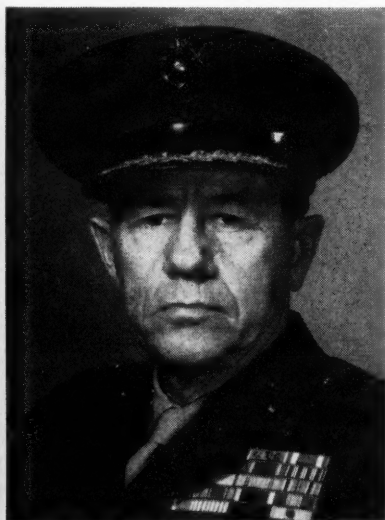
E-6

BROUGHTON, Kenneth E. 561415 0369
GAYMAN, John D. 308591 1371
JENKS, John E. 576132 3516

E-5

BELLER, John S. 462157 2731
CLAUSSEN, Werner H. 305657 3049
GOURDIN, Edward E. 669701 0369
HILL, Billy L. 1095689 3371
LOWE, Mike 4659143 0369
PARKS, Phillips R. 1153383 0141
PHILBRICK, Perryland F. 653249 1100

END



Gen Robert E. Hogaboom



THE JONAH

[continued from page 78]

would disappear for hours and, upon return, would tell me he was "out sizing up my next victim."

The goulash hit the fan two days before my championship bout with a husky, combat veteran by the name of Arkansas Bilillo. He was an Italian boy from Brooklyn. When the Dodgers moved west he claimed he was so sore, he severed all relations with his home town and insisted on being called "Arkansas."

He came to me while I was lazily jumping rope behind the barracks. His face was tight and mean as he stood watching me. I snorted and said, "Yeah, what you want, kid?"

"I want," he said flatly, "you should tell that screwball chum of yours to lay off. He don't get to me like he got to the others."

I dropped the rope and put my nose within an inch of his. "Just what's that supposed to mean, kid?"

"Call me that again," Arkansas said, "and I drop you here and now."

"Har," I said disdainfully, and made a pass at his jaw, just to remind him whom he was trifling with. A nuclear explosion alongside my jaw lifted me off my feet and deposited me some four feet away, on my back.

I sat up dizzily and, when the smoke had cleared from my brain, said, "Maybe you'd better tell me what you meant."

"Okay," Arkansas said, squatting alongside me. "I don't mind him coming over to my squadroom and beating that drum in my ear and I don't even mind him gargling them funny noises at me, and rolling his eyes around like marbles, but *this* is going too far." Arkansas Bilillo pulled a small, cloth doll from his shirt and held it under my nose. There were no pins sticking in it, but a miniature boxing glove had been stuffed in the doll's mouth. I moaned and held my head.

"The boys tell me it's called hoodoo, or something, and they say it really works because Withrow proved it by putting the hex on Lt Simms from the first day he joined this outfit. They say the lieutenant can't turn around without getting hurt, as long as Withrow is in the vicinity. Me, I don't buy that jazz. I'm a simple soul from Brooklyn. All I know is I'm gonna knock your block off in the ring, just to show you two birds your little dolly don't mean a thing."

I stared dully at him. "You mean Withrow has been doing this all along? Why didn't somebody tell me before?"

"Look, these guys are all first class fighting men, but Withrow is a one-in-a-million Jonah who has them so shook up he could wrap a sheet around his middle and convince them he was the reincarnation of Gunga Din. They say he even made the lieutenant's jeep try to climb a telephone pole . . ."

I staggered to my feet and made for the barracks to find Withrow.

"See you at the fight," Arkansas called after me.

I turned and rubbed my jaw. "You already did, champ." I walked a bit farther and turned again. "If you want to see a *real* fight, come with me."

Withrow was in the squadroom, spread out on his sack and snoring gently. "Don't wake him," Fowler said fearfully, "he claimed he had to get in touch with the spirit world to find out the winning double at Santa Anita tomorrow."

Superstition is a frightening thing.

I picked the sleeping man up by the shirt in two handfuls and marched him to the center of the room. He awoke with a squawk and struggled frantically. "Champ . . . Sam, boy . . . what's gotten into you?"

The men gathered around with slowly growing smiles.

"Withrow," I snarled, "you are about to witness a *real* crunching left. And as for the rest of you guys, I got news. There is no Santa Claus; I couldn't fight my way out of a paper bag and this guy is the biggest phony since the guy who claimed he invented water."

A great roar of relief and approval swept the squadroom.

"Sam," Withrow said warningly, "I'd hate to have to put the whammy on you."

That did it. The left hand I threw actually did crunch this time.

It sent Withrow spinning backward toward the squadroom door.

As he was about to go crashing through it, with the momentum of a cannon ball, the door swung open. Someone had obviously been attracted by the noise. In the split second before collision I recognized our caller and put my hands over my eyes. So did every other man in the room. The crunch this time was awe-inspiring.

Lt Simms was out for two hours with a mild concussion.

These words, at least the process of setting them down on paper have helped pass two days of my brig time. They tell me the lieutenant has recovered nicely and was just as sorry as I that Withrow could not be held accountable for the concussion he suffered. After all he's been through, he should make a fine combat officer. At least combat will afford him a chance to fight back. I don't know what Withrow's doing, but with his luck, like I've said, he's probably enjoying a week-end pass. Bad luck to him. At least I'm safe here and have another week to forget him entirely.

Here comes the guy with my bread and water. Looks like somebody new around here. He's grinning at me.

He's calling me champ.

He's asking me how I feel.

The light's bad, but it looks like . . . Sure I'm screaming. Wouldn't you?"

END



Leatherneck Magazine

Gyrene Gyngles

Will To Win

I saw the troops come marching in
To safety in the battered town;
The ranks appeared a trifle thin,
In long route-column winding down
The bitter road from Koto-ri,
That led to Hungnam and the sea.

They'd fought their way from Hell's own
gate,
But every eye was hard and clear,
And every back was firm and straight.
They marched like men who've conquered
fear,
And fought when common sense said,
"Run,
You're facing odds of ten to one!"

I hear of O. P. Smith's remark
At the airstrip in Hagaru—
Offensive stalled and outlook dark,
They asked him what he meant to do.
"Retreat, Hell!" he was heard to say,
"We will attack the other way!"

They told of Chesty Puller's sneer,
"Surrounded? Ain't that just a crime—
We're hemmed on front and flanks and
rear?
Good—they won't get away this time!"
(Never a word about retreat;
Unbeaten men are hard to beat).

I asked a bearded PFC,
"How did you manage to go on?
It seems incredible to me,
After the faintest hope was gone,
That not a man had any doubt
The whole division would get out."

He mulled my question with a frown,
Then smiled and wagged his shaggy head,
Glanced at the ruined, smoking town,
"Hell, buddy, we're Marines," he said.
He shrugged to ease his weary load
And tramped off, grinning, down the road.

That frozen hell of ice and mud,
Where many a good Marine had died,
Had never cooled their fighting blood
Or their unconquerable pride.
To them, defeat was just a word—
Never experienced, rarely heard.

1stLt Richard Raymond

Prospects: Cool

This teen-age lingo's hard to dig,
Or maybe I've grown dense;
At any rate, their word of mouth,
Just doesn't make much sense.

At the Recruiting Station, here,
I get it all the time;
From high school kids and college boys,
And young men in their prime.

There's "Take me to your leader, Cat,"
And "Daddy-Oh, that's crazy;"
The least sometimes becomes "the most,"
And, when in doubt, you're "hazy."

But I can tolerate their words,
And smile at verbal tricks;
As long as they say, "I'll buy that,
Like . . . Sign me up for six."
ASSgt Ralph Deaver

The Real Reason

From the Bay of San Diego,
To the Islands of Japan.
Four long years he served the Corps,
Then he shipped to serve again.

Not the chow and not the pay,
Tempted him to sign the bond.
But a longing in his heart,
And a spot in Old Nippon.
D. Daniel Diamond

The Final Goal

Our Corps has had its up and downs,
More than its share of trouble.
But when our Nation's call would come,
We'd be there on the double.

Tradition is our common banner,
Discipline our control.
Readiness is the constant effort,
Courage our final goal.

Glenn Pritchard



Joe

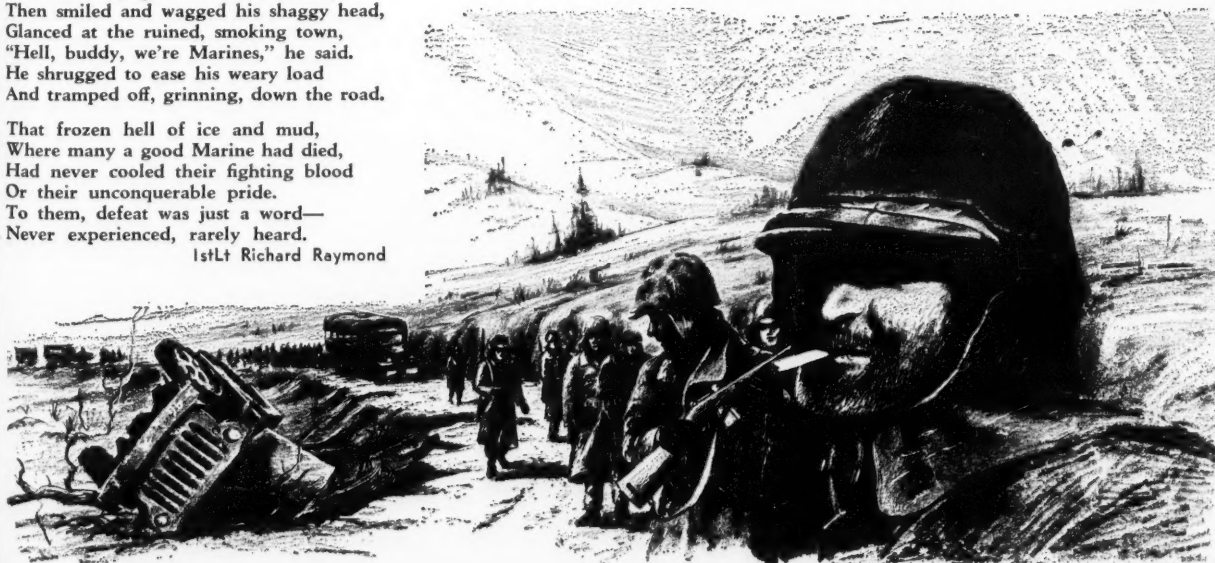
Could you spare the time, sir,
to lead these men in prayer?
For their brother who was killed, sir,
tell the great CO up there.

Joe served the best he could, sir,
for I knew him well.
He died in battle, bravely, sir,
and for those who loved him, fell.

Now when he gets to heaven, sir,
St. Peter won't you tell?
Another Gyrene signing in,
he's served his Corps so well.

I guess that's all for now, sir,
but in case they're next to go.
Put them on the roster,
next to their brother, Joe.

B. J. Cobb
END





GUADALCANAL DIARY by Richard Tregaskis, Popular Library Edition New York, N. Y. Price \$35

This edition of *Guadalcanal Diary* is the 17th printing of this outstanding story. It is basically the same book as the original version. Nothing has been cut but some things have been added to bring it up to date.

All the material cut out by the censors (during WWII) for security reasons has been restored. For this new edition, Richard Tregaskis has written extra chapters to tell how the battle for Guadalcanal fitted into the history of the war in the Pacific—for Guadalcanal is now recognized as one of the most vital campaigns in all our history, worthy of rank with Valley Forge and Gettysburg.

This story, to quote General A. A. Vandegrift, "... is well worth telling and is very well told."

THE ROOSEVELT PANAMA LIBEL CASES by Clyde R. Peirce, Greenwich Book Publishers. New York

Price \$3.50

Ever since Henry Clay, when Secretary of State in 1825, suggested the

need for an isthmian canal to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the possibility of such an undertaking took a stronghold on the imagination of the entire world. It was recognized from the beginning that such a canal would serve all mankind and benefit what Teddy Roosevelt called "collective civilization." It's no wonder then that when the actual construction work was embarked upon, it gave rise to intense international manipulations.

Mr. Peirce reviews these manipulations and the intrigues accompanying them in this exciting, colorful reconstruction of an exciting era. He describes the great controversy concerning the location of the Canal, the events culminating in the Panamanian revolution that shook off the jurisdiction of Colombia, the intricate financial dealings which brought about the purchase of the Canal by the United States for 40 million dollars, and the mystery surrounding the question "Who got the money?"

The attention of the author is then centered on the famous libel cases brought by President Roosevelt against two newspapers—the *Indianapolis News* and the *New York World*—for imputing that the Administration was involved in shady dealings and financial skulduggery. The cases, which made legal history, were eventually dismissed by the courts but not before

creating sensational headlines and vivid international controversies.

The Roosevelt Panama Libel Cases contains enough suspense and mystery for a dozen detective stories.

ORDE WINGATE—A Biography, by Christopher Sykes. World Publishing Co., Cleveland, Ohio. Price \$6.00

One of the most thrilling, controversial figures of World War II was Orde Wingate. A leader of men, he was also an eccentric, a mystic, a constant rebel against authority, a man who roused anger and undying enmity in some, and unstinted admiration in others.

In Palestine, where he first showed his military genius in the organization of special patrols against Arab terrorists, Wingate was passionate in his devotion to the cause of Zionism. Even today he is known in Israel as "The Friend," and streets and hospitals are named after him.

In Ethiopia, where he was commander of the troops in the immediate service of Haile Selassie, his brilliant campaign of bluff and courage played a notable part in the Italian defeat.

His immortality (and American fame) lies in the leadership of the force known as the Chindits. In Burma, where British prospects were at a low ebb, he led his Wingate Raiders to the successful completion of their mission.

His individualism made many enemies, yet he possessed in full measure the qualities which his successive commands demanded: his troops would follow him anywhere.

This is a brilliant, thorough, and faithful portrait of an extraordinary man with a touch of greatness. It is the truth behind the legend, at last—the official biography based on three and a half years of research, journeys to the scenes of his three major campaigns, and access to the family papers for the first time.

Four months after Orde Wingate's death (April, 1944) in an airplane crash, Sir Winston Churchill described him as "a man of genius who might well have become also a man of destiny."

B. M. Rosoff





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M. Rosoff

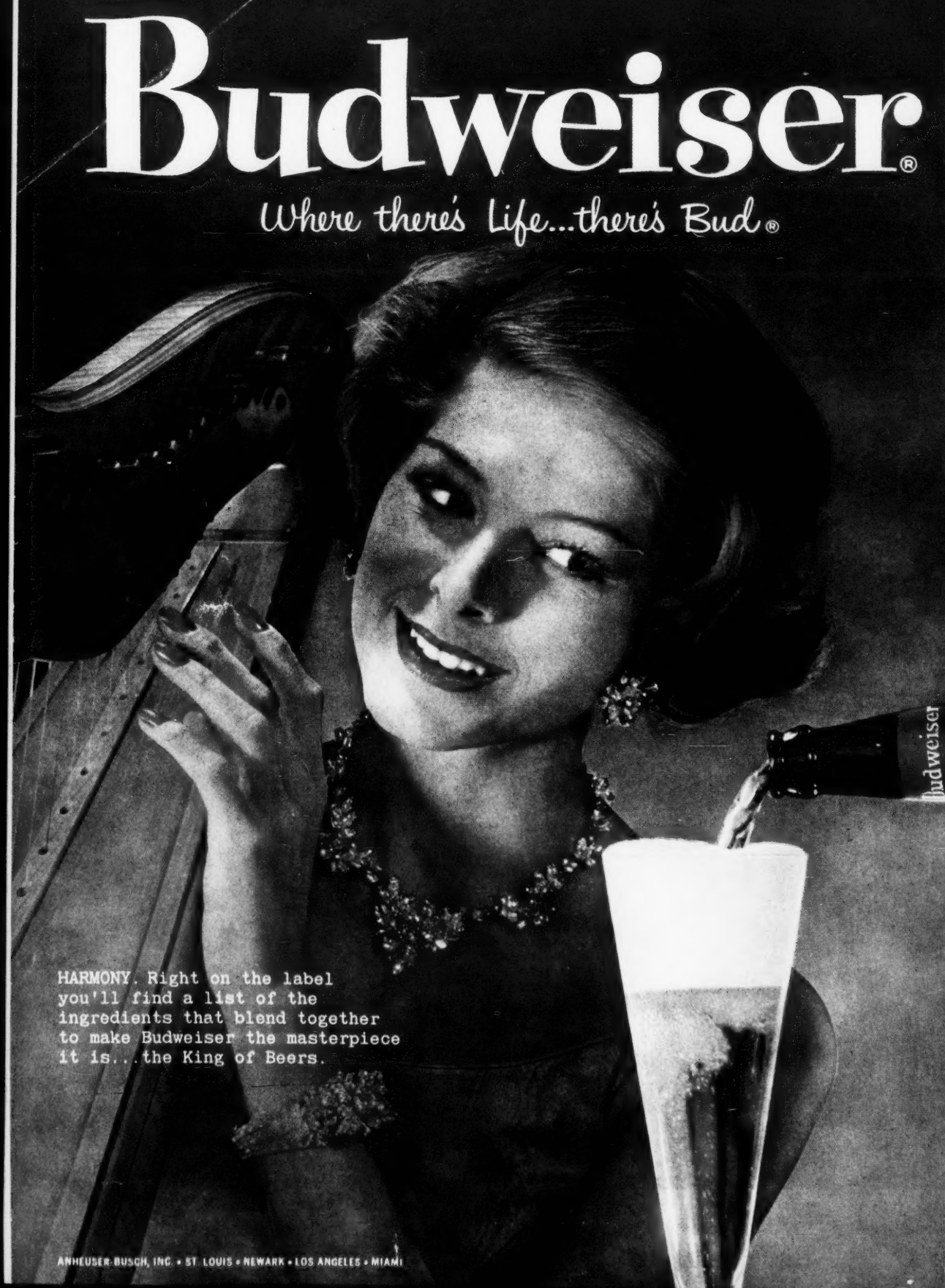


General David M. Shoup

Twenty-second Commandant of the Marine Corps

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